

THE
ATHENEUM;
OR
SPIRIT OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL
SUBJECTS.
MORAL STORIES.
MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.
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WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL IM-
PROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. IX. SECOND SERIES.

APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1822.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened the way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

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THE

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OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINE

WISCONSIN
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

JAN 25 1912

Inv. No. 14

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subscribers to the **ATHENEUM** are this day presented with the last number of the present volume. The Second Series now consists of nine volumes. Some alterations and improvements are to be made in the work, and in order that each series may be uniform, a third will be commenced with the next number. It will be printed in a new type, and no pains will be spared to render its appearance superior to that of the preceding volumes.

During the eleven years the **ATHENEUM** has been published, its patronage has always been such as to convince the Proprietor of its usefulness, and to induce him to believe it has been acceptable to its readers. Although, from the nature of the work, we have been unable to seize upon and turn to account every passing local event, or to trim our sails to the various and changeful breezes which at different times sweep across the current of public opinion in this country; yet, treating of subjects which are confined neither to time nor place, which are interesting wherever there is an intellect to understand, a heart to feel, or a desire for amusement to be gratified, we believe the **ATHENEUM** has been a valuable, as well as a popular Magazine.

With regard to the Third Series, we do not wish to be profuse in our promises; but a few words in relation to the course we shall pursue, may not here be out of place. It has been said, we think with truth, that "Literature is uniformly in its best state, and fulfilling in the best manner its legitimate purposes, while ministering to the elegant enjoyments of life,—mixing up the bright and beautiful elements of imagination and sentiment with the every-day opinions of mankind, speaking in a tone of higher feeling than is current in the common walks of existence, and bringing together the moralities of reason and fancy for the mental food of men in general." These sentiments will be held in mind by the Editor, in selecting articles for the **ATHENEUM** from sources so ample and varied as those to which he has recourse. The English Magazines are at the present time conducted by men of the highest intellect and of the greatest learning. By their means an extended community receive the instructions, and enjoy in a manner the society, of the most distinguished scholars and philosophers, whose opinions or genius could in no other way have become known or useful to them. The best, most instructive and entertaining articles contained in these magazines; interesting tales, intelligence of what is new or

useful in the arts and sciences, travels in different countries, reviews of new publications, original poetry, essays on moral and religious subjects; in short, every species of writing which will amuse or edify, without offending the delicacy or touching the religious or political creed of any one, will receive its due place in the pages of the *ATHENEUM*; and it is hoped it will thus constitute a Miscellany which shall not only afford entertainment to all classes of readers, but also subserve the interests of science and of morality.

A series of Sketches of Contemporary Authors has been commenced in this volume. The author of them is a writer of great power, and we doubt not they have been read with pleasure and profit. These, with Sketches by other writers, will be continued in succeeding numbers.

The occasional introduction of a plate will be continued, if our patronage continues to warrant us in this expensive ornament.

The *ATHENEUM* will be published, as heretofore, on the 1st and 15th of every month, each No. containing 40 pages, large octavo, forming two volumes a year of nearly 500 pages each. The price is five dollars a year.

Boston, September 15, 1828.





SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1828.

[VOL. 9, N. 2.]

THE MAJOR AND MYSELF.

"Life is illusion: else my heart had borne
The feelings at this moment, which it bore
In youth's warm noon."—*AXOS.*

AS I have nothing better to do, it is clear that I cannot do better than get rid of a few melancholy hours, by a fond recollection of past events; wherein I have (it has so happened) been a chief feature. In these recollections, I find a great deal to congratulate myself upon, but very little for which I can, with any consistency, affect gratitude. My vices have been, and are, not worth mentioning; my virtues I do not care to speak about. It is well said, "Virtue is its own reward;" but it is not well that it should be so.

I was, it has been told me, an extraordinary child; giving early indications of a wonderful precocity of intellect and fertility of imagination, which soon discovered itself in harmless and pleasant conceits of shifting facts occasionally, but innocently, from my own proper shoulders to the back of others. How soon did I scout, nay, utterly condemn, those absurd chronicles of the nursery, narrated by its venerable occupant!—how soon set at nought the rule of that garrulous woman! Nor did my youth belie the promise of my infancy. Suffice it, that to the prodigality of nature was superadded the liberal endowment of art.

And here I cannot but suspect that many of my qualifications have rather tended to pluck me back in my progress through the world. Thus,

my knowledge of billiards was not very cheaply purchased, by being compelled to place into thorough repair the ruined limbs of a helpless marker, whom I casually cast out of the window.

My advancement in the science of fencing was sullied, if not retarded, by a silly accident. I chanced inadvertently, to dig out with my foil the sinister orb that figured in the countenance of my gigantic friend, Lieutenant Jacks—an orb, I was afterwards apprized, never failing at an ogle—fatal in point-blank encounter. Alas! Lieutenant Jacks was never after held in any account by the ladies, who looked upon him with as much indifference as upon that domestic Polyphemus—a bodkin.

My skill in swimming oftentimes seduced me to the treacherous deep. Caught by the leg, as in a vice, by a cramp-tortured tyro, I have been fain to

"Visit the bottom of the monstrous world," toe in digit, and have been grateful, indeed, to emerge by hook or by crook of the Humane Society. Drowning persons do not "catch at straws," whatever some may affect to believe.

The Major and I were, in all respects, precisely similar—in taste, habits, person—exactly alike. The Major was that very man whom it

pleased Providence to allot to me for a maternal uncle; and truly the relationship was immediately discernible. But our intercourse was kept up in a spirit of companionship and equality, which something scandalized our friends. We were sworn brothers in all parties—rivals in love; forever dining at the same table—not unfrequently rolling together under it.

The Major was a tall, loosely-arranged man, with a figure susceptible of every variety of movement and contortion. His face was like the ingenious apex of a carved walking-stick; his arms, like grappling-irons. Then his legs seemed attached to his body by way of special favour—extra appendages, borrowed “by the hour;” and the feet belonging to these legs looked like continuations of the same at right angles, or as though Nature had doubled them down, to mark where she had left off. Ladies would have called him an ordinary—others thought him an extraordinary—man.

Now the Major was a vast favourite with the ladies; and I do not wonder at it. He was a very Chevalier Bayard of the drawing-room—the perfect type of chivalrous devotion. His bow was literally the *he plus ultra* of flexibility of manners. He was evidently bent upon making “both ends meet,”—like a pinched annuitant upon the verge of Candlemas. For elegant flattery, tact, liveliness, anecdote, humour, and untiring perseverance, there was no one like him. For an eye, a sigh, a squeeze of the hand, or an appeal to the heart, I never heard of his equal. Perhaps I bear some resemblance to him in these matters.

Then could he dance immensely! Once put in motion, so astonishing with his vigour in that exercise, that you would have sworn there must be, not one, but many Majors—a legion in all parts of the room. In song, also, he was accounted great, though I have heard some who denied the purity of his taste. His voice was a bass and soprano at log-

gerheads—alternate roar and falsetto; now rumbling and tumbling helter-skelter down the scale; and anon leaping over the diapason, and turning sharp corners of sound (if I may use the expression) in the most delightful manner conceivable. Withal, he was a perfect gentleman.

The Major had been many years in India, from whence he returned touched slightly in the liver. It was far from delightful to hear, therefore, that his regiment was ordered off to Gibraltar shortly after his return. He found himself unable to coincide in this arrangement.—“What!” he thundered, “chained to a rock, with the liver complaint—like that old pestilent ninny, Prometheus—not to be thought of!” And so he exchanged into another regiment, congratulating himself upon his prudence, and repeating the above pleasantry as an evidence of it. Classical, I admit, but hardly conclusive—more especially as the exchange was any thing but advantageous.

Being at college, I oft received intimations of the Major's health and proceedings from his own hand, some of which were of a peculiarly strange import; but I was not a little surprised, one morning, to receive an effusion, which instructed me that he (the Major) was contracted in marriage to a lady who—this fatal manuscript assured me—was violently prejudiced against—nay, who denounced me as a worthless abettor and encourager of his faults, which she was about to eradicate. I was advised to pursue diligently my studies, and not to attempt, under pain of frustration, to thrust myself into their domestic tranquillity. The conclusion spake of a cessation of cash payments.

This effusion operated like a gemini of new-sprung spectres upon my nerves. As my eye reeled upon each successive word, the air became thick and clogged. I screwed the letter painfully up into my clammy palm; my respiration quickened in an irrational ratio, till at length it gave birth to a clamorous complain-

ing scream, which lasted during the remainder of the intelligence. It was too evident, as I knew, by the sign of the "crooked billet," that I was irretrievably marred, by which same token I despaired. And then, no more remittances! The thing

—"resolved itself into a do."

I turned it over and over in my mind, till my brain took the hint, and began to turn likewise—but without avail.

I was thunderstruck. The Major married, and I unprovided for! That last thought went, like a flash of lightning, through all my empty pockets, and set fire to bills which already appeared waving in the hands of importunate beings, with faces lit up by a ruthless glare. What could I do but—as I did—order post-horses, and scamper across the country to the mansion of the Major, concocting affecting appeals, as I rolled along, to all the finer sensibilities of man's nature—nepotal affection, domestic tenderness, and what not; which I proposed to illustrate from the practice of the fabled Pelican; and, indeed, by instances carefully culled from natural history, well *worthy* of belief, but assuredly very incredible.

As I drew up the avenue, a prophetic gloom spread itself over the premises. A gang of geese, of the most melancholy breed, held their funeral course toward a sombre pond, and dropt, like substances of lead, into it. A rustic swain, leaping on reversed pitchfork, pursed up a brace of long lips, and created a tune of the wretchedest monotony; and the middle-aged aloe in front of the door looked more stiff and formal than ever. The servant who opened the door presented that index to the volume of his brain, a face, in which I read small emphatic meanings, as in a vocabulary; and the butler, as he advanced towards me, appeared to my alarmed apprehensions, to be drawing down the corners of his mouth, even unto the waistcoat-pockets.

However, gaining courage from despair, I burst into the parlour, and, going upon my knees, demanded a blessing. Alarmed, not a little, by this abrupt genuflexion, the Major and his lady started from their chairs, and gazed, first at me and then at each other, dubiously, and in a manner that would have moved the rigid muscles (rigid in death!) of the unfortunate Miss Bailey herself, but which affected me not a whit. The Major took a pinch of snuff, as if preparing to metamorphose his hand into a fist; and my aunt-in-law tossed a nose, blue as the firmament, into the air, and muttered expressions of contempt and disgust.

"It won't do, Jack—it won't do!" said the Major, after a pause, with strange calmness. "Resume your perpendicularity, and vanish. You're not safe. Now, do go—Jack, my dear boy, go—or I'll throw you out of the window, you rascal, I will!" Saying which, I retired, and betook myself to the hall, in an agony of doubt, amazement, and fear. Here I paced wildly about, smiling grievously, and at intervals breaking forth with disastrously whimsical confessions of the gratification this treatment afforded me. Then did I arrange my frill, and pluck at my collar, till I nearly drew my shirt off my back; and kicked the chairs about, after a most ridiculous fashion.

Presently, the Major came oozing through the parlour-door, and, beckoning me to him, said confusedly, "Jack, you dog, you're not liked—abhorred, upon my soul! Therefore, make no (broken) bones of the matter, but return to college." And so, squeezing into my hand a small paper, he shrunk back. Now this was spoken so hurriedly, that I found it impossible to put in even an indefinite article edgeways; *argal*, I was constrained to sneak off—pacified, in a measure, by observing a bank-note pendent from my fingers; and, stepping into the post-chaise, drove back again with even more speed than I came.

At college, I must confess, I de-

rived great advantage from a perusal and diligent study of the ancients, and, upon the whole, tender my filial affection to Alma-Mater, with a lively gratitude; but a greedy reception of certain philosophical dogmas, or a too implicit reliance upon them, did go far to dislodge that solid substratum of reason which should have lain over the too ductile imagination. Thus, by pursuing and adopting the visionary theory of Bishop Berkeley, I certainly vindicated my claim to the title of a lad of *spirit*; and, while I believed that "nothing is but what is not," forgot straight-waistcoats, and a monosyllabic keeper. I never cared to ask, because I suppose there were none to answer—

*"An me ludit amabilis
Insania?"*

and, in consequence, the wings of my imagination began to indulge in extraordinary flights—flights which quite carried away my head with them. Indeed, it was a physiological problem, whether I had not now become total head and wings; like a carved cherub over a grave-stone—all pinions and pericranium!

But, just in time to avert the entire defection of my understanding, the Major appeared one morning before me; and, without much ceremony, explained in few words, thus—

"Jack, we must go to town together. You'll not have a farthing to bless yourself with or me; for—that rascally agent!" I scratched my head ruefully.—

"You are to learn, Jack, I did not marry for money. No,"—observing my incredulous grin,—"*no!* that's all settled upon her." I grinned not. "It was not my wish to step into the property; but to vault into her affections, Jack—to hop into her good opinion. Now the agent, in whose hands my property lay, has failed. What the devil's to be done?" Here was an announcement! I felt my fortitude hurrying away with my reason, at the rate of ten faculties a minute, and sank upon a chair, with a ghastly arrangement of mouth, in-

tended for the production of an extended sound—which, however, came not.

"What the devil's to be done, I say?" bellowed the Major. "Shall we convict and hang the scoundrel—for such he is; and if not, why not?—Eh?" This emphatic "Eh?" violently contracted as it was in length of expression, roused me to a scene of acute mental anguish; but I was roused; and, heaving up a prodigious groan, which relieved me, prepared to counsel, and, all preliminaries arranged, to accompany my ill-fated uncle.

But the Major prepared to unlock those hidden gifts and graces of philosophy, whereof not the possession, but even the enjoyment and casual exercise, were previously unknown to me. Sooth to say, he did in timely exordiums,

———"unsphere
The spirit of Plato,"——

and discovered immortal things—chewed in mental detail the bitter sweets of adversity—and touched and purified, with the tongue's fire, the loathsome malefactions of the world.

"Poverty—phew!" cried the Major; and he sang a stanza;—"poverty is the mere fact of being without—nothing more; a negation of means—the reverse of a settled income, do you observe? A positive condition of humanity, nevertheless. Poverty is the region of speculation——"

"Very true," I despondingly interrupted; but the philosopher has swallowed up the man. My dear sir, not poverty, but famine, is the word—philosophic famine, that supplies that desideratum in science—a vacuum.—Oh, Major!"

He was moved. I continued:—"You marvel—let us not wonder—our property is gone!" He strode violently towards the coach-office: I trotted briskly and busily after him, "Our destiny is fixed!"

"Hold your d—d croaking!" roared the Major.—

"We are ripe for the sickle, and shall be cut down and garnered; beggary and want shall enlist us, with-

out the formulary or payment of a shilling, in

—'the grisly legion that troop
Beneath the sooty flag of Acheron.'

In a word—we shall go to the dogs, and be sent to the devil!"

Thus did I, by trope and figure, pour out the bitterness of my soul to my companion, who now perspired copiously, and coined new modes of expression and modifications of utterance in the effectual transmission of the agent's soul into the regions of Lucifer.

Immediately upon our arrival in town, the Major departed, blaspheming, to the office of the ill-starred insolvent; leaving me to order my solitary dinner at a tavern, to which he directed my attention.

It was a fine winter evening. The "well-dressed people" were passing the windows, with shawls over arms, and oranges in pocket, destined for the pit and gallery of the theatre; the boys, with ferocious voices, were presenting their bills; and the gentlemen of the ubiquitous finger were becoming possessed of bandanas "under prime cost."

There was no living creature in the coffee-room but myself. A full-length clock stood moralizing in one corner, with its hands upon its face; like a wine-bibber, stung with compunction for past offences. The very dog had betaken himself to the scullery, to be kicked about by the saturnine and extensive cook, by way of a change of life; and the waiters were lolling their egometrical proportions on each side of the street-door.

Having succeeded in overcoming the patient resistance of the most obstinate pullet that ever stepped out of egg-shell, and drank about a pint of a black mixture set before me, and called port, I grew excessively depressed—(I remember that evening well!)—and began to analyze, and curse, and continue to guzzle the wine, till my lips dyed black; and I looked, for all the world, like Mr. *Beverley* in the last scene. I suspect that the landlord took me for a rat

that infested the place, and took this method of poisoning me.

Then there came into the room two individuals, who served to divert my attention awhile from my sorrows. They caused to be procured glasses of brandy and water, and it was astonishing to behold their prompt appropriation of them. But I soon grew tired of these swillers; nay, I seemed to wish to pick a quarrel with them—they looked so happy. There was one with a sort of orange-peel complexion and rhubarb-coloured wig, who talked in so low a key that I could not hear a word; and the other was a mere fat occupier of space, who never spoke at all. But what particularly enraged me was, that these unintelligible words caused a violent laughter to distend the midriff of this fat one; but it was altogether a noiseless effort—save a finely-attenuated wheeze that, at intervals, escaped from its pectoral prison. They were not fit of laughter, but lethargies, during which he lay in a trance. But soon these went away, and left me to myself.

During this interval of solitude, my mind underwent wonderful alternations of feeling, which ended in comparative tranquillity. I became cheerful and composed—imagined castles in the air, and countenances in the fire—

"The ghastly colour from my lips was fled;"

and, in short, I was, to all intents and purposes, but my creditors, quite another man? so that, when my uncle came gasping in, about midnight, with a look like *Jeremiah*, and told me that all indeed was lost, I contrived to demean myself with decent resignation.

As for the Major, he worked his inside out, like a spider, to very little purpose. Seated before the fire, with his legs upraised upon the hob, and brandishing the poker, which he occasionally plunged between the bars, he expounded his private views upon the question.

"The villainous embezzer," quoth

he, "set a heap of books before me, of which I could make neither head nor tail; and took me up stairs to see his starving wife and eleven 'little ones!'—a superhumanly immense brood!—each of whom, as I entered, flew off to another region. The wife pretty—but he a knave!" And thus he went on and on, till the candles fell into convulsions in the sockets, and the curious stare of the aye-yawning waiter reminded us of bed.

Here, between a pair of wonderfully wet sheets, I rheumatized till morning, when I

—"rose, like an exhalation,"

from my vapoury couch, and met the Major in the coffee-room, restored, by his night's rest, to his habitual good spirits.

We entered at once into a long conference touching future arrangements, when it was decided that I should remain in town—the Major vowing to exert his interest with his lady to permit my domestication under their London roof. In the meantime, he furnished me with a sum of money, and we parted—he to his own home, and I into the wide wilderness of streets, in quest of lodging, which I procured.

To a young man just entering life, adversity is the pleasantest thing imaginable—for a short time: there is just enough of romance in the situations to render them interesting. We console ourselves with the "precious jewel in the head," and find out the precious value of the heels in a brief period. "No prospect!" says Reason;—"No matter!" says Sentiment. "*Facilis descensus Averni!*" and some enjoy an alacrity in sinking.

The Major and I now met less and less frequently. I have good reason to suspect that his domestic roof wanted repair—or, at least, he seldom made a segment of the family circle. He chiefly spent his time between his club and the Opera; and when he, by chance, stumbled upon me at the play or in the park, our conversation

took a strangely general turn. Now and then, indeed, would he cast his eye mournfully upon my *fac-simile* figure, with a sort of "*ingenui vultus puer*" comment, and break out with, "Egad, Jack, we must contrive something for you;" at which period I made interest for the supplies; but all serious debate was inevitably interrupted at its outset by some cursed mischance or another.

For my own part, my avocations partook equally of the sublime and the ridiculous. I hated mediums. I drank largely of Burton ale and metaphysics; at one moment, pouring over the philosopher of Malmesbury; at another, snoring over the details of a prosing incurable, twaddling behind a long and pallid pipe, with an asthma and eternity of tongue—and no snuff-box!

My leisure begot aspirations after better things—hopes and yearnings of the soul, which I am almost sorry to have parted withal. I fell in love at the theatre with a married woman, and looked like the "Last Man" for three days; during which I read Rousseau and Werter. I became a connoisseur in milliner's girls, and took to small poetry and the columns of the *Morning Post*;—nay, I might have written a tragedy, but for the difficulty of disposing of some of the unoffending interlocutors in the last act; unless by causing one of the characters to take offence at a trifle, and so give occasion for the promiscuous slaughter of the rest.

In the meantime I waxed melancholy, and took to crossing of arms and legs—opined that my talents were overlooked—and felt convinced that their diminutive extent was not the cause. I grew selfish and disagreeable, quarrelled with my landlady, and cut myself vilely in shaving. Then I succeeded in walking in my sleep, till I perineated a sky-light, and scared the maid-servant into hysterics, and the cat into the copper. Assuredly, I was in a pitiable state, and looked out, above all things, for the approach of death.

And now the Major was about to leave England, for India, with his regiment, once more. Any preference of his native land had long since been buried—a ceremony of interment, at which his lady had officiated as sexton; and my prospects alone occupied the intervening space.

We discoursed at large upon this topic the evening before his departure.

"What do you think of the law?" I inquired.

"As of a gown and wig, which, in defiance of the proverb, you may keep for seven years without having any occasion for; unless you should, perchance, be employed to adjust the ownership of a mad dog at Clerkenwell sessions, and so forth."

"What say you to the army?"

"No, to that."

"Marriage—with an heiress, or a rich widow?" and I tipped a very sagacious wink.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha—ah!" replied the Major, the final note thrilling like a passing bell; and, again, "Ha—ha—ah!" and straight he resorted to mandarin-like movements of the head, rockings of the chair, and extractions of the watch; but he answered never a word.

"No, Jack," said the Major, musing, "I'll speak about you to some of my friends before I go; they'll do something for you, never fear; we shall manage, never fear.—But it grows late."

I rose to go: he took the candle, and followed me down stairs. It was raining inhumanly;—he handed me a kind of green sieve, fastened to a stick.

"God bless you, my dear boy, Jack!" said the Major, and wrung my hand; "I shall see you again."

I ran half the length of the street, and stopped. I looked back. The Major was still upon the door-steps, with the candle flaring in his hand. He turned, and went into the house.

I never saw him more!

One evening, as I sat dyspepsically at my accustomed box in the

coffee-room, amusing my leisure by committing to memory the births, marriages, and deaths, and observing how ludicrously some of the first had slipped down into the third, since my last review of those interesting memorials;—I repeat, I sat thus employed, when my friend, Lieutenant Jacks (whom I have awhile remembered), entered the room. To start up, and crush the paralyzed paw of that martial man, was the work of an instant; to compel him to a seat, the employment of another.

But Jacks drooped strangely—gloom, of the most decided character, overspread the inane diameter of that absurdly idiotic face; he sighed Æolianly—by gusts. What could he have to communicate? I knew he was just arrived from India;—probably a letter from the Major—for which I tendered my hand; but, having sorted to his satisfaction the figures of his rhetoric, Jacks ejaculated,—

"Jack, your uncle is—no more! A determination of bullets to the head, my dear fellow! Here are his watch, seals, and ring. I have communicated the intelligence to your aunt." He ended, mumbling, and formed grimaces hitherto unknown.

I saw him not—I heard him no longer—I answered him not. My heart was too full for endurance; and, covering my face, I dropt my head upon the table, and burst into an agony of tears.

All that the Major had done for me—all his kindness, his affection—rushed into my mind at once. Every kind and every unkind word he had ever spoken to me—but, more than all, my many follies and ungrateful returns of his generosity—all that might have caused a pang of disquietude to him—came, now that he could no longer be sensible of my regret, like the very retribution of the grave itself!

The Major was, in truth, the only one in the whole world for whom I had ever cared a rush. He was gone!

I have done. The portrait of the

Major, as I conclude my last glass, seems to smile benignantly upon me. Yes—there was a happiness, unknown at the time, in those admirable retrenchments—those salutary withholdings of wealth, which I more than fear I may yet live to envy. Our very miseries, remembered, turn into motives and superinducements

of happiness. In fact, the only happiness I now enjoy is the pleasing satisfaction of knowing how wretched I have been—a kind of enjoyment which, as far as appearances go, I think not unlikely to continue. Be it so! “Worse than the worst—content.”

ANDREW CLEAVES.

ARRIVING about dark one evening at a large village, where I proposed taking up my quarters for the night, I observed a general stir and agitation, as if a bee-hive were pouring forth its swarming colonists; and as I proceeded down the long straggling street, towards the sign of “The Jolly Miller,” the whole population of the place seemed streaming in the opposite direction of the churchyard, which I had passed at the entrance of the village. Men, women, and children, were hurrying along, with an appearance of eager trepidation; and there was a general hum of voices, though every one seemed to speak below his natural key, except a few blustering youngsters, who were whetting their own courage, by boasting of it with valiant oaths and asseverations, and ridiculing the cowardice of the women and children. The latter were running along close by their mothers, holding fast by their gowns or aprons, and every minute pressing nearer, and looking up in their faces, with eyes of fearful inquiry. As the different groups scudded swiftly by me, I caught here and there a few disjointed words about “a ghost,” and “the church-yard,” and “all in white,” and “Old Andrew,” and “ten-foot high,” and “very awful!” Half-tempted was I to turn with the stream, and wind up my day’s sport with a *Ghost hunt*, but the sign of the Jolly Miller waving before me, and the brown loaf, and foaming can, so naturally depicted thereon, were irresistible attractions to a poor Pis-

cator, who had fasted since early morning from all but the delights of angling; and who, as day declined, had followed the windings of the stream for many a weary mile, to seek rest and refreshment at the village hostelry. It was well for me that I arrived not in equestrian equipage, for neither landlord, hostler, nor male biped of any denomination, was visible about the large old house and its adjacent stable-yard. But I needed no attendance; so stooping with my shoulder-load of rod, basket, and landing-net, as I stepped down one step into the low heavy old porch, I passed straight on into the kitchen, where a blazing fire in the huge gaping chimney, gave me a cheerful welcome, though neither there, nor in the adjoining tap-room, could I espy signs or tokens of any living creature. I could have been well contented to take silent possession of one of the high-backed settles within the ingle-nook, had there been wherewithal within reach to appease “the rage of hunger,” whose importunate calls were rather incited than suppressed by the feeling of warmth and comfort which circulated through my whole frame, as I stood beside the companionable hearth. So I called lustily, and thumped the end of my fishing-rod against the heavy oak table and dark wooden partition, till at last came hurrying forth from an inner-chamber, a little old woman, whose sharp shrivelled face betokened no mood of sweet complacency. But a few words, intimating my intentions of sojourning in

her house that night, and my voracious designs upon her larder and ale-butt, smoothed, as if by magic, half the wrinkles in her face, and put her in such good-humour, with me at least, that she would fain have installed me into the chilling magnificence of the parlour, whose sanded and boarded floor, and dismal fireless grate, nodding with plumes of fennel, like the Enchanted Helmet in the Castle of Otranto, I was obliged to glance at, though the first glimpse sent me back with shivering eagerness to the comforts of the kitchen hearth, where at last I was permitted to settle myself, while mine hostess spread for me a little claw-table, with a snow-white cloth, and set about preparing my savoury supper of fried eggs and rashers.

It was not till I had despatched two courses of those, with a proportionate quantum of "jolly good ale and old," that I found leisure, while attacking the picturesque ruins of a fine old Cheshire cheese, to question mine ancient hostess respecting those signs of popular agitation which had excited my curiosity as I came through the village. My inquiry set wide open the floodgates of her eloquence and indignation. "Well I might ask," she said, "but, for her part, she was almost ashamed to tell me what fools the folks made of themselves,—her master among 'em,—who was old enough to know better, Lord help him! than to set off, night after night, galloping after a ghost,—with Bob Ostler at his heels, and that idle hussey Beckey, leaving her to mind the house, and look to everything, and be robbed and murdered for what they knew,—and all for what quotha? She wished, when *their* time came, they might lie half as quiet in their graves as old Andrew did in his, for all their nonsensical crazy talk about his walking o' nights." I waited patiently till the 'larum had unwound itself, then taking up that part of the desultory invective which more immediately related to the haunted churchyard, and its unquiet tenant, I got the old

lady fairly into the mood of story-telling; and from what she then related to me; and from after gleanings among other inhabitants of the village, succeeded in stringing together a tolerably connected narrative.

Andrew Cleaves, whose remains had been interred the preceding week in Redburn Churchyard, was the oldest man in its large and populous parish, and had been one of the most prosperous among its numerous class of thriving and industrious husbandmen.

His little property, which had descended from father to son for many generations, consisted of a large and comfortable cottage, situated on the remote verge of the village common, a productive garden, and a few fields, which he cultivated so successfully, rising up early, and late taking rest, that by the time he had attained the middle period of life, he was enabled to rent a score more acres—had got together a pretty stock of cattle—had built a barn—and enclosed a rickyard—and drove as fine a team as any in the parish—was altogether accounted a man "well to do in the world," and was generally addressed by the style and title of "Farmer Cleaves." Then—and not till then,—and still with most phlegmatic deliberations, he began to look about him for a partner—a *help meet*—in the true homely sense of the word, was the wife he desired to take unto himself; and it was all in vain—"Love's Labour Lost"—that many a wealthy farmer's flaunting daughter—and many a gay damsel of the second table, from my lord's, and the squire's,—and divers other fair ones set their caps at wary Andrew, and spake sweet words to him when *chance* threw them in his path, and looked sweet looks at him, when he sat within eye-shot at church, in his own old oaken pew, hard by the clerk's desk, with his tall, boney, athletic person, erect as a poker, and his coal-black hair (glossy as the raven's wing) combed smooth down over his forehead, till it met the intersecting line of two

straight jetty eyebrows, almost meeting over the high curved nose, and overhanging a pair of eyes, dark, keen, and lustrous; but withal, of a severe and saturnine expression, well in keeping with that of the closely compressed lips, and angular jaw. Those lips were not made to utter tender nonsense—nor those eyes for ogling, verily; but the latter were sharp and discerning enough, to find out such qualifications as he had laid down to himself, as indispensable in his destined spouse, among which (though Andrew Cleaves was justly accounted a close, penurious man) money was *not* a paramount consideration, as he wisely argued within himself, a prudent wife might save him a *fortune*, though she did not bring him one. A small matter by way of portion, could not come amiss, however, and Andrew naturally weighed in with her other perfections the twenty years' savings of the vicar's housekeeper, whose age did not greatly exceed his own—who was acknowledged to be the best housewife in the parish, and the most skilful dairy-woman, having come from a famous cheese country, whose fashions she had successfully introduced at Redburn Vicarage. Beside which, Mrs. Dinah was a staid, quiet person—not given to gadding and gossiping and idle conversation; and, "moreover," quoth Andrew, "I have a respect unto the damsel, and, verily, I might go farther and fare worse." "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," was, however, another of Andrew's favourite sayings, so he took another year or two to consider the matter in all its bearings; but as all things earthly come to an end, so at last did Andrew Cleaves's ponderings; and as his actual wooing was by no means so tedious an affair, and as the discreet Dinah had had ample time for deliberation while the important question was pending, the favoured suitor was not kept long on the rack of uncertainty, and the third Sunday, which completed the ban, saw Mrs. Dinah "endowed,"

by Andrew Cleaves, with "all his worldly goods," and installed Lady and Mistress of his hitherto lonely dwelling.

He had no reason to repent his choice. For once Dame Fortune (so often reviled for her strange blunders in match-making—so often accused of "joining the gentle with the rude,") had hooked together two kindred souls; and it seemed indeed as if Andrew had only reunited to himself a sometime divided portion of his own nature, so marvellously did he and his prudent Dinah sympathise in their views, habits, and principles. Thrift—thrift—thrift—and the accumulation of worldly substance, was the end and aim of all their thought, dreams, and undertakings; yet were they rigidly just and honest in all their dealings, even beyond the strict letter of the law, of which they scorned to take advantage in a doubtful matter; and Andrew Cleaves had been known more than once to come forward to the assistance of distressed neighbours (on *good security* indeed), but on more liberal terms than could have been expected from one of his parsimonious habits, or than were offered by persons of more reputed generosity.

Moreover, he was accounted—and he surely accounted himself—a very religious man, and a very pious Christian,—“a serious Christian,” he denominated himself; and such a one he was in good truth, if a sad and grave aspect—solemn speech, much abounding in scriptural phrases—slow delivery—erect deportment, and unsocial reserve, constitute fair claims to this distinction. Moreover, he was a regular church-goer—an indefatigable reader of his Bible, (of the Old Testament, and the Epistles in particular), fasted rigidly on all days appointed by the church—broke the heads of all the little boys who whistled, within his hearing, on Sabbaths and Saints' days—said immoderate long graces before and after meals, and sang hymns by the hour, though he had no more voices

than a cracked pitcher, and not ear enough to distinguish between the tunes of the 100th Psalm, and "Molly put the Kettle on."

Besides all this, he had been a dutiful, if not an affectionate son—was a good, if not a tender husband—a neighbour of whose integrity no one doubted—a most respectable parishioner; and, yet, with all this, Andrew Cleaves's was not *vital religion*, for it partook not of that blessed spirit of love, meekness, and charity, which vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—thinketh no evil of its neighbour—neither maketh broad its phylacteries, nor prayeth in the corners of market-places, to be seen of men. He was neither extortionate nor a drunkard. He gave tithes of all that he possessed. He *did not* give half his goods to the poor; but, nevertheless, contrived to make out such a catalogue of claims on the peculiar favour of Heaven, as very comfortably satisfied his own conscience, and left him quite at leisure to "despise others."

It had been the misfortune of Andrew Cleaves, to have imbibed from his parents those narrow views of Christianity, and their early death had left him an unsociable being, unloving, unloved, and unconnected, till he changed his single for a married state.

"Habits are stubborn things;
And by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passions grow so haughty,
There is no clipping of their wings."

Now, Andrew was full forty-three when he entered the pale of matrimony, and the staid Dinah, three good years his senior, had no wish to clip them, being, as we have demonstrated, his very counterpart, his "mutual head" in all essential points; so, without a spark of what silly swains and simple maidens call love, and some wedded folks "tender friendship," our serious couple jogged on together in a perfect matrimonial rail-road of monotonous conformity, and Andrew Cleaves might have gone down to his grave unconscious that hearts were made for any

other purpose than to circulate the blood, if the birth of a son, in the second year of his union, had not opened up in his bosom such a fountain of love and tenderness, as gushed out, like water from the flinty rock; and became thenceforth the master passion, the humanizing feeling of his stern and powerful character. The mother's fondness, and she was a fond mother, was nothing, compared with that with which the father doated on his babe; and he would rock its cradle, or hush it in his arms, or sing to it by the hour, though the lullaby seldom varied from the 100th psalm, and, as he danced it to the same exhilarating tune, it was a wonder that the little Josiah clapped his hands, and crowded with antic mirth, instead of comporting himself with the solemnity of a parish clerk in awaddling clothes.

Is was strange and pleasant to observe, how the new and holy feeling of parental love penetrated, like a fertilizing dew, the hitherto hard, insensible nature of Andrew Cleaves; how it extended its sweet influence beyond the exciting object the infant darling to his fellow creatures in general, disposing his heart to kindness and pity, and almost to sociability. In the latter virtue, he made so great progress as to invite a few neighbours to the christening feast, charging his damie to treat them handsomely to the best of everything, and he himself, for the first time in his life, "on hospitable thoughts intent," pressed and smiled, and played the courteous host to a miracle.

And sometimes, on his way home of an evening, he would stop and exchange a few words with an acquaintance, at his cottage door, attracted by the sight of some chubby boy, with whose short limbs and infant vigour he would compare, in his mind's eye, the healthful beauty of his own urchin. But great, indeed, was the amazement of Dame Cleaves, when Andrew, who had always "set his face like a flint" against the whole tribe of idle mendicants, mak-

ing it a rule, not only to chase them from his own door, but to consign them, if possible, to the wholesome coercion of the parish stocks, actually went the length of bestowing a comfortable meal, a night's shelter in an outhouse, and a bed of clean straw, on a soldier's widow, who was travelling, with her babe in her arms, towards the far distant home of its dead father.

Dame Cleaves stared in strange perplexity, and said something about "charity beginning at home," and "coming to want," and "harbouring idle husseys and their brats." But Andrew was peremptory, for his eye had glanced from the poor soldier's fatherless babe to the cherished creature at that time nestling in his own bosom. So the widow was "warmed and fed," and left a blessing on her benefactor, who, on his part, failed not to accompany his parting "God speed you," and the small piece of money which accompanied it, with an impressive lecture on the sinfulness of want and pauperism, and a comfortable assurance, that they were always deserved manifestations of divine displeasure.

Just as the little Josiah had attained his second year, Andrew Cleaves was called on to resign the wife of his bosom, who went the way of all flesh, after a short but sharp illness. She had so fully realized all the calculations that had decided Andrew to choose her for his mate, that he regretted her loss very sincerely; but resignation, he justly observed, was the duty of a Christian, and Andrew was wonderfully resigned and composed, even in the early days of his bereavement, throwing out many edifying comments on the folly and sinfulness of immoderate grief, together with sundry apposite remarks, well befitting his own circumstances, and a few proverbial illustrations and observations, such as, "misfortunes never come alone, for his poor dame was taken at night, and the old gander was found dead in the morning." Moreover, he failed not to sum up, as sources of

rational consolation, "that it had pleased the Lord to spare her till the boy ran alone, and Daisey's calf was weaned, and all the bacon cured; and he himself had become fully competent to supply her place in the manufacturing of cheeses." So Andrew buried his wife, and was comforted.

And, from the night of her death, he took his little son to his own bed, and laid him in his mother's place; and long and fervent were the prayers he ejaculated before he went to rest, kneeling beside his sleeping child; and cautious and tender as a mother's kiss, was that he imprinted on its innocent brow before he turned himself to slumber. Early in the morning an elderly widow, who had been used to cook his victuals, and set the cottage to rights before his marriage, came to take up and tend the boy, and get breakfast for him and his father, and she was now detained through the day, in the care of household concerns, and of the motherless little one. She was a good and tender foster-mother, and a careful manager withal, falling readily into Andrew's ways and likings; a woman of few words, and content with little more than her victuals and drink—and (inoffensive and taciturn as she was) he had a feeling of snug satisfaction in locking her out every evening when she betook herself to sleep at her own cottage. Then was Andrew wont to turn back to his own solitary hearth, and a feeling of self gratulation, not evincing much taste for social enjoyment, or any disposition again to barter his secure state of single blessedness for a chance in the matrimonial lottery—from which, having drawn a first-rate prize, it would have been presumptuous to expect a second.

What with old Jenny's help, and his own notability, (he had not lived so long a bachelor without having acquired some skill in housewifery), he got on very comfortably; and for a living object to care for, and to love, the little Josiah was to him

wife, child, companion—every thing! So Andrew continued faithful as a widowed turtle to the memory of his deceased Dinah; and the motherless boy thrived as lustily as if he had continued to nestle under the maternal wing. He was, in truth, a fine sturdy little fellow, full of life and glee, and “quips and cranks, and mirthful smiles,” and yet as like Andrew as “two peas.” “The very moral of the father,” said old Jenny, “only not so solemn like.” He had Andrew’s jetty eyebrows, and black lustrous eyes, deep set under the broad projecting brow; but they looked out with roguish mirth from their shadowy cells, and the raven hair, that, like his father’s, almost touched his straight eyebrows, clung clustering over them, and round his little fat poll, in a luxuriance of rich, close, glossy curls. His mouth was shaped like his father’s, too; but Andrew’s could never, even in childhood, have relaxed into such an expression of dimpled mirth, as the joyous laugh burst out—that sound of infectious gladness, which rings to one’s heart’s core like a peal of merry bells. He was a fine little fellow! and, at five years old, the joy and pride of the doating father, not only for his vigorous beauty, but for his quick parts, and wonderful forwardness in learning; for Andrew was a scholar, and had early taken in hand his son’s education; so that, at the age above mentioned, he could spell out passages in any printed book, could say the Lord’s Prayer and the Belief, and great part of the Ten Commandments, though he stuck fast at the 39 Articles, and the Athanasian Creed, which his father had thought it expedient to include among his theological studies. It was the proudest day of Andrew Cleaves’s whole life, when, for the first time, he held his little son by the hand up the aisle of his parish church, into his own pew, and lifted up the boy upon the seat beside him, where (so well had he been tutored, and so profound was his childish

awe,) he stood stock still, with his new red prayer-book held open in his two little chubby hands, and his eyes immoveably fixed, “not on the book, but” on his father’s face. All eyes were fixed upon the boy, for, verily, a comical little figure did the young Josiah exhibit that Sabbath-day. Andrew Cleaves had a sovereign contempt for petticoats, (though, of course, he had never hinted as much in his late spouse’s hearing,) and could ill brook that his son and heir, a future lord of creation, should be ignominiously trammelled even in swaddling clothes. So soon, therefore, as a change was feasible—far sooner than old Jenny allowed it to be so—the boy was emancipated from his effeminate habiliments, and made a man of—a little man complete, in coat, waistcoat, and breeches, made after the precise fashion of his father’s, who had set the tailor to work in his own kitchen, under his own eye, and on a half-worn suit of his own clothes, out of which enough remained in excellent preservation, to furnish a complete equipment for the man in miniature. So little Josiah’s Sunday-going suit consisted of a long-tailed coat of dark blue broadcloth, lapelled back with two rows of large gilt basket-work buttons; a red plush waistcoat, (the month being July), brown corduroy breeches with knee buckles, grey worsted hose, and large square-toed shoes, with a pair of heavy silver buckles, once belonging to his mother, that, covering his little feet quite across, like a couple of pack-saddles, touched the ground, as he walked, on either side of them. Add to this, a stiff broad-brimmed beaver, (padded within all round, to fit his tiny pate), under the shadow of which the baby-face was scarce discoverable, and the whole diminutive person moved like a walking mushroom.

Proud was the boy of his first appearance, so equipped, before the assembled congregation; and very proud was Andrew Cleaves, who felt as if now indeed he might assume

unto himself, before the elders of his people, the honour of being father to a man-child.

From that day forth little Josiah, led in his father's hand, came regularly to church every sabbath-day; but, alas! his after demeanour, during service, by no means realized the promise of that solemn propriety wherewith he comported himself, on his first memorable appearance; and it soon required Andrew's utmost vigilance to rebuke and check his son's restless and mischievous propensities. Great was the father's horror and consternation, on detecting him in the very act of making faces at the Vicar himself, whose unfortunate obliquity of vision had excited the boy's monkey talent of mimicry; and, at last, the young rebel was suddenly and for ever deposed from his lofty station on the seat beside his father, for having taken a sly opportunity of pinning the hind bow of an old lady's bonnet to the back of her pew, whereby her bald pate was cruelly exposed to the eyes of the congregation, as she rose up, with unsuspecting innocence, at the Gloria Patri.

At home, too, Andrew soon discovered that his parental cares were likely to multiply in full proportion to his parental pleasures. Little Josiah was quick at learning, but of so volatile a spirit, that in the midst of one of his father's finest moral declamations, or most elaborate expoundings, he would dart off after a butterfly, or mount astride on the old sheep-dog; and at last, when sharply rebuked for his irreverent antics, look up piteously in his father's face, and yawn so disconsolately, that Andrew's iron jaws were fain to sympathize with the infectious grimace, to their owner's infinite annoyance. At meal times, it was well-nigh impossible to keep his little hands from the platter, while his father pronounced a long and comprehensive grace, with an especial supplication for the virtues of abstinence and forbearance; and so far from continuing to take pride in the manly dignity of

his raiment, it became necessary to dock his waistcoat flaps, and the long skirts of his week-day coat, the pockets of the former being invariably crammed with pebbles, munched apples, worms, brown-sugar, snails, cockchafers, and all manner of abominations; and on the latter, it was not only his laudable custom to squat himself in the mud and mire, but being of an imitative and inventive genius, and having somewhere read a history of the beavers, he forthwith began to practise their ingenious mode of land carriage, by dragging loads of rubbish behind him on the aforesaid coat-tails, as he slid along in a sitting posture.

Greatly did Andrew Cleaves marvel that a son of his should evince such unseemly propensities, having perpetually before his eyes an example of sober seriousness and strict propriety. But, nevertheless, he doated on the boy with unabated fondness—toiled for him—schemed for him—waked for him—dreamt of him—lived in him—*idolized* him!—Yes!—Andrew Cleaves, who had been wont to hold forth so powerfully on the sin and folly of idol worship, *he* set up in his heart an earthly image, and unconsciously exalted it above his Maker.

Andrew's cottage was situated on the extreme verge of a large and lonely common, which separated it from the village of Redburn, and it was also at a considerable distance from any other habitation. He had taken upon himself his son's early instruction, and it was consequently easy enough to maintain a point which he had much at heart, that of keeping the boy aloof from all intercourse with the village children, or indeed with any persons save himself and old Jenny, except in *his* company. This system, to which he rigidly adhered, had a very unfavourable effect on his own character, repressing in it all those kindlier and more social feelings, which had almost struggled into preponderance, when the hard surface was partially thawed, by the new sense of

parental tenderness, and while his son was yet a cradled babe, and he had nothing to apprehend for him on the score of evil communications. But now he guarded him, as misers guard their gold. As he himself, alas! hoarded the Mammon of unrighteousness (his secondary object) but "solely for his darling's sake." So Andrew compromised the matter with his conscience; and so he would have answered to any inquiring Christian.

The boy, though thus debarred from all communication save with his father and old Jenny, was nevertheless as happy as any child of the same age. He had never known the pleasures of association with youthful playful playmates—he was full of animal spirits and invention, particularly in the science of mischief—he completely ruled old Jenny in the absence of his father, and (except at lesson times, and on Sabbaths) had acquired more ascendancy over that stern father himself, that Andrew anyway suspected.

The interval between the boy's fourth and seventh year was, perhaps, the happiest in the whole lives of father and son; but that state of things could not continue. Andrew Cleaves had aspiring views for his young Josiah—and it had always been his intention to give him "the best of learning;" in furtherance of which purpose, he had looked about him almost from the hour of the boy's birth, for some respectable school wherein to place him, when his own stock of information became incompetent to the task of teaching. He had at last pitched upon a grammar school in the county town, about five miles from his own habitation, where the sons of respectable tradesmen and farmers were boarded, and taught upon moderate terms; though, to do Andrew justice, *saving* considerations were not paramount with him, when his son's welfare was concerned, and he was far more anxious to ascertain that his morals, as well as his learning, would be strictly attended to. On that head, he, of

course, received the most satisfactory assurances from the master of the "academy for young gentlemen," and having likewise ascertained that the boy would have an ample allowance of wholesome food, it is not wonderful that Andrew Cleaves threw the "moderate terms" as the third weight into the scale of determination.

The greater number of the boys, —those whose parents were dwellers in the town of C—, were only day-boarders; but some, whose families lived at a greater distance, went home on Saturdays only, to spend the Sabbath-day; and it was Andrew's private solace, to think that the separation from his child would be rendered less painful by that weekly meeting. It had taken him full six months, and sundry journeyings to and fro, to make all his arrangements with the master. But at last they were completed, and nothing remained but the trial—the hard, hard trial—of parting with that creature who constituted his all of earthly happiness. Andrew was a hard man, little susceptible of tender weakness in his own nature, and ever prone to contempt and censure in others the indulgence of any feeling incompatible (in his opinion) with the dignity of a man, and the duty of a Christian.

His God was not a God of love; and when he rebuked the natural tears of the afflicted,—the submissive sorrows of the stricken heart,—it was in blind forgetfulness of him who wept over the grave of his friend Lazarus. He had honoured his parents during their lifetime, and buried them with all decent observance; but with no other outward demonstration of woe, than a more sombre shade on his always severe countenance. "The desire of his eyes" was taken from him, and he had shown himself a pattern of pious resignation. And now he was to part with his son for a season, and who could doubt that the temporary sacrifice would be made with stoical firmness? And so it should verily,

was Andrew's purpose ;—upon the strength of which he proceeded, with old Jenny's advice and assistance, to make requisite preparation for the boy's equipment. Nay, he was so far master of himself, as to rebuke the old woman's foolish fondness, when she remarked, "how lonesome the cottage would seem when the dear child was gone;" and he expressed himself the more wrathfully, from the consciousness of a certain unwonted rising in his throat, which half choked him as he went "maundering on."

To the child himself, he had not yet breathed a syllable of his intentions, and yet more than twice or thrice he had taken him on his knee, to tell him of the approaching change. But something always occurred to defer the execution of his purpose—the boy stopt his mouth with kisses—or he prattled so there was no getting in a word edgeways—or it would do as well in the evening, when he came home from his fields. But then, the young one came running to meet him, and had always so much to ask and tell, that the important communication was still delayed. In the morning, before he rose from his pillow, he would tell it as the boy lay still by his side; but while the secret was actually on his lips, his little bedfellow crept into his bosom, and nestled there so lovingly, that his voice died away, as it were, into the very depths of his heart, and the words were yet unspoken. At length he hit upon an opportunity, which was sure to present itself ere long. The next time Josiah was idle and refractory at his lessons—that very moment, in the strength of indignation, he would tell him he was to leave his father's roof, and be consigned to the rule of strangers. Alas! that fitting occasion was in vain laid wait for—Josiah truly did his best to forward it, but the father could not be angry—and he could not speak.

At last, seriously angry with himself—humiliated at the triumph of human weakness, to which he had

hitherto boasted himself superior—Andrew departed one morning to his labours earlier than usual, having deputed to Jenny the task, to which he felt himself unequal. All that morning the father's thoughts were with his child. He pictured to himself the first burst of distress—the first grievous surprise—the inconsolable sorrow at the thought of parting—and he longed to return, and clasp the boy to his heart, and to kiss off the tears from his dear face, and comfort him with soothing words and indulgent promises.

But still as the fond impulse rose within him, he wrestled with it manfully, and lashed on his team, and laid his hand upon the plough, as if to support himself in resolute forbearance. No wonder the furrows Andrew traced that day were the most uneven he had ever drawn, since the hour he first guided his own plough on his own acres. He kept firm to his post, however, till the usual dinner hour, and even left the field with his labourers, without deviating from his accustomed firm, deliberate step; but when they had turned out of sight to their own homes, then Andrew speeded on rapidly towards his cottage, till just within sight of it he spied the little Josiah running forward to meet him. Then again he slackened his pace, for his heart shrunk from the first burst of the boy's impetuous sorrow.

But those apprehensions were soon exchanged for feelings of a more irritable nature, when he perceived that the merry urchin bounded towards him with more than his usual exuberant glee; and the first words he distinguished were,—“Father, father, I'm going to school!—I'm going to school!—I'm going to town, father!—I'm going to school! When shall I go?—Shall I go to-morrow? Shall I take my new clothes, father? And my hoop, and my lamb, and old Dobbin?”

A bitter pang it was that shot through Andrew's heart at that moment—a bitter revulsion of feeling was that he experienced. He made

no allowance for the volatile nature of childhood—its restless desire of change and love of novelty, its inconsideration—its blissful recklessness of the future. He read only in the boy's exulting rapture, that this his only, only child—the only creature he had ever loved—who had slept in his bosom, and prattled on his knee, and won from him such fond indulgences as he could scarce excuse to his own conscience—this darling of his age, now on the eve of a first separation, broke out into extravagant joy at the prospect, and testified no anxiety, but to take with him his playthings, and his dumb favorites. The sudden revulsion of feeling came upon Andrew like an ice-bolt, and there he stood motionless, looking sternly and fixedly on the poor child, who was soon awed and silenced by his father's unwonted aspect, and stood trembling before him, fearing he knew not what. At last he softly whispered, sideling closely up, and looking earnestly and fearfully in his father's face,—“Shall I not go to school, then? Old Jenny said I should.”

That second, quiet interrogatory restored to Andrew the use of speech, and the mastery over all his softer feelings. “Yes,” he replied, taking the boy's hand, and grasping it firmly within his own, as he led him homeward—“Yes, Josiah, you shall go to school—you have been kept too long at home—to-morrow is

the Sabbath—but on Monday you shall go. On Monday, my child, you shall leave your father.”

That last sentence, and a something he perceived, but comprehended not, in his father's voice and manner, painfully affected the boy, and he burst into tears, and, clinging to his father's arm, sobbed out,—“But *you* will go with me, father; and you will come and see me every day, will you not? And I shall soon come home again.”

That artless burst of natural affection fell like balm on Andrew's irritated feelings, and he caught up his child to his bosom, and blessed and kissed him, and then they “reasoned together:” and the father told his boy how he should fetch him home every Saturday with Dobbin; and how they should still go hand-in-hand to church on the Sabbath; and how his lamb, and the grey colt, should be taken care of in his absence; and his hoop and other toys might be carried with him to school.

Then the child began again his joyous prattle, with now and then a sob between; and the father kissed his wet glowing cheek, carrying him all the way home in his arms; and thus lovingly they entered the little garden, and the pretty cottage, and sat down side by side, to the neat homely meal old Jenny had provided.

(Continued in the next number.)

THE MAIN-CHANCE.

“Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.”—POPE.

I AM one of those who do not think that mankind are exactly governed by reason, or a cool calculation of consequences. I rather believe that habit, imagination, sense, passion, prejudice, words, make a strong and frequent diversion from

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the right-line of prudence and wisdom. I have been told, however, that these are merely the irregularities and exceptions, and that reason forms the rule or basis; that the understanding, instead of being the sport of the capricious and arbitrary

decisions of the will, generally dictates the line of conduct it is to pursue, and that self-interest, or the *main-chance*, is the unvarying load-star of our affections, or the chief ingredient in all our motives, that, thrown in as ballast, gives steadiness and direction to our voyage through life. I will not take upon me to give a verdict in this cause as judge; but I will try to plead one side of it as an advocate, perhaps a biased and feeble one.

As the passions are said to be subject to the control of reason, and as reason is resolved (in the present case) into an attention to our own interest, or a practical sense of the value of money, it will not be amiss to inquire how much of this principle itself is founded in a rational estimate of things, or is calculated for the end it proposes, or how much of it will turn out (when analysed) to be mere madness and folly, or a mixture, like all the rest, of obstinacy, whim, fancy, vanity, ill-nature, and so forth, or a nominal pursuit of good. This passion, or an inordinate love of wealth, shows itself, when it is strong, equally in two opposite ways, in saving or in spending—in avarice (or stinginess) and in extravagance. To examine each in their order.

That lowest and most familiar form of covetousness, commonly called *stinginess*, is at present (it must be owned) greatly on the wane in civilized society; it has been driven out of fashion either by ridicule and good sense, or by the spread of luxury, or by supplying the mind with other sources of interest, besides those which related to the bare means of subsistence; so that it may almost be considered as a vice, or absurdity, struck off the list, as a set-off to some that, in the change of manners and the progress of dissipation, have been brought upon the stage. It is not, however, so entirely banished from the world, but that examples of it may be found to our purpose. It seems to have taken refuge in the petty provincial towns, or in old baronial castles, where it is

still triumphant. To go into this subject somewhat in detail, as a study of the surviving manners of the last age—Nothing is more common in these half-starved, barren regions, than to stint the servants in their wages, to allowance them in the merest necessities, never to indulge them with a morsel of savoury food, and to lock up every thing from them as if they were thieves, or common vagabonds, broke into the house. The natural consequence is, that the mistresses live in continual *hot-water* with their servants, keep watch and ward over them—the pantry is in a state of siege—grudge them every mouthful, every appearance of comfort, or moment of leisure, and torment their own souls every minute of their lives about what, if left wholly to itself, would not make a difference of five shillings at the year's end. There are families so notorious for this kind of *surveillance* and meanness, that no servant will go to live with them; for, to clench the matter, they are obliged to stay if they do; as, under these amiable establishments, and to provide against an evasion of their signal advantages, domestics are never hired but by the half-year. Instances have been known where servants have taken a pleasant revenge on their masters and mistresses without intending it; but where the example of sordid saving and meanness set to them, having taken possession of those even who were victims to it, they have conscientiously applied it to the benefit of all parties, and scarcely suffered a thing to enter the house for the whole six months they stayed in it. To pass over, however, those cases which may plead poverty as their excuse, what shall we say to a lady of fortune (the sister of one of their old-fashioned lairds) allowing the fruit to rot in the gardens and hot-houses of a fine old mansion in large quantities, sooner than let any of it be given away in presents to the neighbours; and, when peremptorily ordered by the master of the house to send a basket-full every morning

to a sick friend, purchasing a small pottle for the purpose, and satisfying her mind (an intelligent and well-informed one) with this miserable subterfuge? Nay, farther, the same person, whenever they had green-peas, or other rarities, served up at table, could hardly be prevailed on to help the guests to them, but, if possible, sent them away, though no other use could now be made of them, and she would never see them again! Is there common sense in this; or is it not more like madness? But is it not, at the same time, human nature? Let us stop to explain a little. In my view, the real motive of action in this and other similar cases of grasping penuriousness has no more reference to self-love (properly so called) than artificial fruit and flowers have to natural ones. A certain form or outside appearance of utility may deceive the mind, but the natural, pulpy, wholesome, nutritious substance, the principle of vitality, is gone. To this callous, frigid habit of mind, the real uses of things harden and crystallize; the pith and marrow are extracted out of them, and leave nothing but the husk or shell. By a regular process, the idea of property is gradually abstracted from the advantage it may be of even to ourselves; and to a well-drilled, thorough-bred, Northern housekeeper (such as I have supposed), the fruits, or other produce of her garden, would come at last to be things no more to be eaten or enjoyed, than her jewels or trinkets of any description, which are, professedly, of no use but to be *kept* as symbols of wealth, to be occasionally looked at, and carefully guarded from the approach of any unhallowed touch. The calculation of consequences, or of benefit to accrue to any living person, is so far from being the main-spring in this mechanical operation, that it is never once thought of, or regarded with peevishness and impatience as an unwelcome intruder, because it must naturally divert the mind from the warped and false bias it has taken. The feeling of pro

perty is here, then, removed from the sphere of practice to a chimerical and fictitious one. In the case of not sending the fruit out of the house there might be some lurking idea of its being possibly wanted at home, that it might be sent to some one else, or made up into conserves: but when different articles of food are actually placed on the table, to hang back from using or offering them to others, is a deliberate infatuation. They *must* be destroyed, they *could* not appear again; and yet this person's heart failed her, and shrank back from the only opportunity of making the proper use of them, with a petty, sensitive apprehension, as if it were a kind of sacrilege done to a cherished and favourite object. The impulse to save was become, by indulgence, a sort of desperate propensity and forlorn hope, no longer the understood means, but the mistaken end: habit had completely superseded the exercise and control of reason, and the rage of making the most of every thing *by making no use of it at all*, resisted to the last moment the shocking project of feasting on a helpless dish of green-peas (that *would* fetch so much in the market), as an offence against the Goddess of stinginess, and torture to the soul of thrift! The principle of economy is inverted; and in order to avoid the possibility of wasting any thing, the way with such philosophers and house-wives is to abstain from touching it altogether. Is not this a common error? Or are we conscious of our motives in such cases? Or do we not flatter ourselves by imputing every such act of idle folly to the necessity of adopting some sure and judicious plan to shun ruin, beggary, and the most profligate abuse of wealth?

Let us turn the tables and look at the other side of this sober, solid, engrossing passion for property and its appendages. A man lays out a thousand, nay, sometimes many thousand pounds in purchasing a fine picture. This is thought, by the vulgar, a very fantastical folly, an unaccount-

able waste of money. Why so? No one would give such a sum for a picture, unless there were others ready to offer nearly the same sum, and who are likely to appreciate its value, and envy him the distinction. It is then a sign of taste, a proof of wealth to possess it, it is an ornament and a luxury. If the same person lays out the same sum of money in building or purchasing a fine house, or enriching it with costly furniture, no notice is taken—this is supposed to be perfectly natural and in order. Yet both are equally gratuitous pieces of extravagance, and the value of the objects is, in either case, equally *ideal*. It will be asked, "But what is the use of the picture?" And what, pray, is the use of the fine house or costly furniture, unless to be looked at, to be admired, and to display the taste and magnificence of the owner? Are not pictures and statues as much furniture as gold plate or jasper tables; or does the circumstance of the former having a meaning in them, and appealing to the imagination as well as to the senses, neutralize their virtue, and render it entirely chimerical and visionary? It is true, every one must have a house of some kind, furnished somehow, and the superfluity so far grows imperceptibly out of the necessity. But a fine house, or fine furniture, is necessary to no man, nor of more value than the plainest, except as a matter of taste, of fancy, of luxury and ostentation. Again, no doubt, if a person is in the habit of keeping a number of servants, and entertaining a succession of fashionable guests, he must have more room than he wants for himself, apartments suitably decorated to receive them, and offices and stables for their horses and retinue. But is all this unavoidably dictated as a consequence of his attention to the *main-chance*, or is it not sacrificing the latter, and making it a stalking-horse to his vanity, dissipation, or love of society and hospitality? We are at least as fond of spending money as of making it. If a man runs through a for-

tune in the way here spoken of, is it out of love to himself? Yet who scruples to run through a fortune in this way, or accuses himself of any extraordinary disinterestedness or love of others? One bed is as much as any one can sleep in, one room is as much as he can dine in, and he may have another for study or to retire to after dinner—but he can only want more than this for the accommodation of his friends, or the admiration of strangers. At Fonthill Abbey (to take an extreme illustration), there was not a single room fit to sit, lie, or stand in: the whole was cut up into pigeon holes, or spread out into long endless galleries. The building this huge, ill-assorted pile cost, I believe, nearly a million of money; and if the circumstance was mentioned, it occasioned an expression of surprise at the amount of the wealth that had been thus squandered: but if it was said that a hundred pounds had been laid out on a highly-finished picture, there was the same astonishment expressed at its misdirection. The sympathetic auditor makes up his mind to the first and greatest loss, by reflecting that in case of the worst the building materials alone will fetch something considerable; or, in the very idea of stone walls and mortar there is something solid and tangible, that repels the charge of frivolous levity or fine sentiment. This quaint excrescence in architecture, preposterous and ill-contrived as it was, occasioned, I suspect, many a heart-ache and bitter comparison to the throng of fashionable visitants; and I conceive it was the very want of comfort and convenience that enhanced this feeling, by magnifying, as it were from contrast, the expense that had been incurred in realising an idle whim. When we judge thus perversely and invidiously of the employment of wealth by others, I cannot think that we are guided in our own choice of means to ends by a simple calculation of downright use and personal accommodation. The gentleman who purchased Fonthill, and was supposed

to be possessed of wealth enough to purchase half a dozen more Font-hills, lived there himself for some time in a state of the greatest retirement, rose at six and read till four, rode out for an hour for the benefit of the air, and dined abstemiously for the sake of his health. I could do all this myself. What then became of the rest of his fortune? It was lying in the funds, or embarked in business to make it yet greater, that he might still rise at six and read till four, &c.—it was of no other earthly use to him; for he did not wish to make a figure in the world, or to throw it away on studs of horses, on equipages, entertainments, gaming, electioneering, subscriptions to charitable institutions, or any of the usual fashionable modes of squandering wealth for the amusement and wonder of others and our own fancied enjoyment. Mr. F. did not probably lay out five hundred a-year on himself: it cost Mr. Beckford, who led a life of perfect seclusion, twenty thousand a-year to defray the expenses of his table and of his household establishment. When I find that such and so various are the tastes of men, I am a little puzzled to know what is meant by self-interest, of which some persons talk so fluently, as if it was a *Jack-in-a-Box* which they could take out and show you, and which they tell you is the object that all men equally aim at. If money, is it for its own sake or the sake of other things? Is it to hoard it or to spend it, on ourselves or others? In all these points, we find the utmost diversity and contradiction both of feeling and practice. Certainly, he who puts his money into a strong-box and he who puts it into a dice-box must be allowed to have a very different idea of the *main-chance*. If by this phrase be understood a principle of self-preservation, I grant that while we live, we must not starve, and that *necessity has no law*. Beyond this point, all seems nearly left to chance or whim; and so far are all the world from being agreed in their definition of this

redoubtable term, that one half of them may be said to think and act in diametrical opposition to the other.

Avarice is the miser's dream, as fame is the poet's. A calculation of physical profit or loss is almost as much out of the question in the one case as in the other. The one has set his mind on gold, the other on praise, as the *summum bonum* or object of his bigoted idolatry and darling contemplation, not for any private and sinister ends. It is the immediate pursuit, not the remote or reflex consequence that gives wings to the passion. There is, indeed, a reference to self in either case that fixes and concentrates it, but not a gross or sordid one. Is not the desire to accumulate and leave a vast estate behind us equally romantic with the desire to leave a posthumous name behind us? Is not the desire of distinction, of something to be known and remembered by, the paramount consideration? And are not the privations we undergo, the sacrifices and exertions we make for either object, nearly akin? A child makes a huge snow-ball to show his skill and perseverance and as something to wonder at, not that he can swallow it as an ice, or warm his hands at it, and though the next day's sun will dissolve it; and the man accumulates a pile of wealth for the same reason principally, or to find employment for his time, his imagination, and his will. I deny that it can be of any other use to him to watch and superintend the returns of millions, than to watch the returns of the heavenly bodies, or to calculate their distances, or to contemplate eternity, or infinity, or the sea, or the dome of St. Peter's, or any other object that excites curiosity and interest from its magnitude and importance. Do we not look at the most barren mountain with thrilling awe and wonder? And is it strange that we should gaze at a mountain of gold with satisfaction, when we can besides say, "This is ours," with all the power that belongs to it? Every passion, however

plodding and prosaic, has its poetical side to it. A miser is the true alchemist, or, like the magician in his cell, who overlooks a mighty experiment, who sees dazzling visions, and who wields the will of others at his nod; but to whom all other hopes and pleasures are dead, and who is cut off from all connexion with his kind. He lives in a splendid hallucination, a waking trance, and so far it is well: but if he thinks he has any other need or use for all this endless store (any more than to swell the ocean) he deceives himself, and is no conjuror after all. He goes on, however, mechanically adding to his stock, and fancying that great riches is great gain, that every particle that swells the heap is something in reserve against the evil day, and a defence against that poverty which he dreads more, the farther he is removed from it; as the more giddy the height to which we have attained, the more frightful does the gulph yawn below—so easily does habit get the mastery of reason, and so nearly is passion allied to madness! "But he is laying up for his heirs and successors." In toiling for them, and sacrificing himself, is he properly attending to the *main-chance*?

This is the turn the love of money takes in cautious, dry, recluse, and speculative minds. If it were the pure and abstract love of money, it could take no other turn but this. But in a different class of characters, the sociable, the vain, and imaginative, it takes just the contrary one, viz. to expense, extravagance, and ostentation. It then loves to display itself in every fantastic shape and with every reflected lustre, in houses, in equipage, in dress, in a retinue of friends and dependants, in horses, in hounds—to glitter in the eye of fashion, to be echoed by the roar of folly, and buoyed up for a while like a bubble on the surface of vanity, to sink all at once and irrecoverably into an abyss of ruin and bankruptcy. Does it foresee this result? Does it care for it? What then becomes of the calculating principle

that can neither be hoodwinked nor bribed from its duty? Does it do nothing for us in this critical emergency? It is blind, deaf, and insensible to all but the noise, confusion, and glare of objects by which it is fascinated and lulled into a fatal repose! One man ruins himself by the vanity of associating with lords, another by his love of low company; one by his fondness for building, another by his rage for keeping open house and private theatricals; one by philosophical experiments, another by embarking in every ticklish and fantastical speculation that is proposed to him; one throws away an estate on a law-suit, another on a die, a third on a horse-race, a fourth on *virtu*, a fifth on a drab, a sixth on a contested election, &c. There is no dearth of instances to fill the page, or complete the group of profound calculators and inflexible martyrs to the *main-chance*. Let any of these discreet and well-advised persons have the veil torn from their darling follies by experience, and be gifted with a double share of wisdom and a second fortune to dispose of, and each of them, so far from being warned by experience or disaster, will only be the more resolutely bent to assert the independence of his choice, and throw it away the self-same road it went before, on his vanity in associating with lords, on his love of low company, on his fondness for building, on his rage for keeping open house or private theatricals, on philosophical experiments, on fantastic speculations, on a law-suit, on a dice-box, on a favourite horse, on a picture, on a mistress, on an election contest, and so on, through the whole of the chapter of accidents and cross-purposes. There is an admirable description of this sort of infatuation with lolly and ruin in Madame D'Arblay's account of Harrel in "*Cecilia*;" and though the picture is highly wrought and carried to the utmost length, yet I maintain that the principle is common. I myself have known more than one individual in the same pre-

dicament; and I therefore cannot think that the deviations from the line of strict prudence and wisdom are so rare or trifling as the theory I am opposing represents them, or I must have been singularly unfortunate in my acquaintance. Out of a score of persons of this class I could mention several that have ruined their fortunes out of mere freak, others that are in a state of dotage and imbecility for fear of being robbed of all they are worth. The rest care nothing about the matter. So that this boasted and unflinching attention to the *main-chance* resolves itself, when strong, into mad profusion or griping penury, or if weak, is null and yields to other motives. Such is the conclusion, to which my observation of life has led me: if I am quite wrong, it is hard that in a world abounding in such characters, I should not have met with a single practical philosopher.

Take drunkenness again, that vice which till within these few years (and even still) was fatal to the health, the constitutions, the fortunes of so many individuals, and the peace of so many families in Great Britain. I would ask what remonstrance of friends, what lessons of experience, what resolutions of amendment, what certainty of remorse and suffering, however exquisite, would deter the confirmed sot (where the passion for this kind of excitement had once become habitual and the immediate want of it was felt) from indulging his propensity and taking his full swing, notwithstanding the severe and imminent punishment to follow upon his incorrigible excess? The consequence of not abstaining from his favorite beverage is not doubtful and distant (a thing in the clouds), but close at his side, staring him in the face, and felt perhaps in all its aggravations the very next morning, yet the recollection of this and of the next day's dawn is of no avail against the momentary craving and headlong impulse given by the first application of the glass to his lips. The present temptation is indeed heightened by

the threatened alternative. I know this as a rule, that the stronger the repentance, the surer the relapse and the more hopeless the cure! The being engrossed by the present moment, by the present feeling, whatever it be, whether of pleasure or pain, is the evident cause of both. Few instances have been heard of, of final reformation on this head. Yet it is a clear case; and reason, if it were that Giant that it is represented in any thing but ledgers and books of accounts, would put down the abuse in an instant. It is true, this infirmity is more particularly chargeable to the English and to other Northern nations; and there has been a considerable improvement among us of late years; but I suspect it is owing to a change of manners, and to the opening of new sources of amusement, (without the aid of ardent spirits flung in to relieve the depression of our animal spirits,) more than to the excellent treatises which have been written against the "Use of Fermented Liquors," or to an increasing, tender regard to our own comfort, health, and happiness in the breasts of individuals. We still find plenty of ways of tormenting ourselves and sporting with the feelings of others! I will say nothing of a passion for gaming here, as too obvious an illustration of what I mean. It is more rare, and hardly to be looked on as epidemic with us. But few that have dabbled in this vice have not become deeply involved, and few (or none) that have done so have ever retraced their steps or returned to sober calculations of the *main-chance*. The majority, it is true, are not gamblers; but where the passion does exist, it completely tyrannizes over and stifles the voice of common sense, reason, and humanity. How many victims has the point of honor! I will not pretend that as matters stand, it may not be excusable to fight a duel under certain circumstances and on certain provocations, even in a prudential point of view, (though this proves how little the maxims and practices

of the world are regulated by a mere consideration of personal safety and welfare)—but I do say that the rashness with which this responsibility is often incurred, and the even seeking for trifling causes of quarrel, shows any thing but a consistent regard to self-interest as a general principle of action, or rather betrays a total recklessness of consequences when opposed to pique, petulance, or passion.

The fault of reason in general, (which takes in the *whole* instead of *parts*,) is that objects, though of the utmost extent and importance, are not defined and tangible. This fault cannot be found with the pursuit of trade and commerce. It is not a mere dry, abstract, undefined, speculative, however steady and well-founded, conviction of the understanding. It has other levers and pulleys to enforce it, besides those of reason and reflection. As follows:—

1. The value of money is positive or specific. The interest in it is a sort of mathematical interest, reducible to number and quantity. Ten is always more than one; a part is never greater than the whole; the good we seek in this way has a technical denomination, and I do not deny that in matters of strict calculation, the principle of calculation will naturally bear great sway. The returns of profit and loss are regular and mechanical, and the operations of business, or the *main-chance*, are so too. But, commonly speaking, we judge by the *degree* of excitement, not by the ultimate quantity. Thus we prefer a draught of nectar to the recovery of our health. Yet there is a point at which self-will and humor stop. A man will take brandy, which is a *kind of slow poison*, but he will not take *actual* poison, knowing it to be such, however slow the operation or bewitching the taste; because here the effect is absolutely fixed and certain, not variable, nor in the power of the imagination to elude or trifle with it. I see no courage in battle, but in going on what is called the *forlorn hope*.

2. Business is also an affair of hab-

it; it calls for incessant and daily application; and what was at first a matter of necessity to supply our wants, becomes often a matter of necessity to employ our time. The man of business wants work for his head, the laborer and mechanic for his hands; so that the love of action, of difficulty and competition, the stimulus of success or failure, is perhaps as strong an ingredient in men's ordinary pursuits as the love of gain. We find persons pursuing science, or any *hobby-horsical* whim or handicraft that they have taken a fancy to, or persevering in a losing concern, with just the same ardor and obstinacy. As to the choice of a pursuit in life, a man may not be forward to engage in business, but being once in, does not like to turn back amidst the pity of friends and the derision of enemies. How difficult is it to prevent those who have a turn for any art or science from going into these unprofitable pursuits! Nay, how difficult is it often to prevent those who have no turn that way, but prefer starving to a certain income! If there is one in a family brighter than the rest, he is immediately designed for one of the learned professions. Really, the dull and plodding people of the world have not much reason to boast of their superior wisdom or numbers: they are in an involuntary majority!

3. The value of money is an *exchangeable* value: that is, this pursuit is available towards and convertible into a great many others. A person is in want of money, and mortgages an estate, to throw it away upon a round of entertainments and company. The passion or motive here is not a hankering after money, but society, and the individual will ruin himself for this object. Another, who has the same passion for show and a certain style of living, tries to gain a fortune in trade to indulge it, and only goes to work in a more round-about way. I remember a story of a common mechanic at Manchester, who laid out the hard-earned savings of the week in hiring a horse

and livery-servant to ride behind him to Stockport every Sunday, and to dine there at an ordinary like a gentleman. The pains bestowed upon the *main-chance* here was only a cover for another object, which exercised a ridiculous predominance over his mind. Money will purchase a horse, a house, a picture, leisure, dissipation, or whatever the individual has a fancy for that is to be purchased; but it does not follow that he is fond of all these, or of whatever will promote his real interest, because he is fond of money, but that he has a passion for some one of these objects, to which he would probably sacrifice all the rest, and his own peace and happiness into the bargain.

4. The *main-chance* is an instrument of various passions, but is directly opposed to none of them, with the single exception of indolence or the *vis inertiae*, which of itself is seldom strong enough to master it, without the aid of some other incitement. A barrister sticks to his duty as long as he has only his love of ease to prevent; but he flings up his briefs, or neglects them, if he thinks he can make a figure in Parliament. No one flings away the *main-chance* without a motive, any more than he voluntarily walks into the fire or breaks his neck out of a window. A man must live; the first step is a point of necessity:—every man would live well; the second is a point of luxury. The having, or even acquiring wealth, does not prevent our enjoying it in various ways. A man may give his mornings to business, and his evenings to pleasure. There is no contradiction; nor does he sacrifice his ruling passion by this, more than the man of letters by study, or the soldier by an attention to discipline. Reason and passion are opposed, not passion and business. The sot, the glutton, the debauchee, the gamester, must all have money, to make their own use of it, and they may indulge

all these passions and their avarice at the same time. It is only when the last becomes the ruling passion that it puts a prohibition on the others. In that case, every thing else is lost sight of; but it is seldom carried to this length; or when it is, it is far from being another name, either in its means or ends, for reason, sense, or happiness, as I have already shown.

I have taken no notice hitherto of ambition or virtue, or scarcely of the pursuits of fame or intellect. Yet all these are important and respectable divisions of the map of human life. Who ever charged Mr. Pitt with a want of common sense, because he did not die worth a plum? Had it been proposed to Lord Byron to forfeit every penny of his estate, or every particle of his reputation would he have hesitated to part with the former? Is there not a loss of character, a stain upon honor, that is felt as a severer blow than any reverse of fortune? Do not the richest heiresses in the city marry for a title, and think themselves well off? Are there not patriots who think or dream all their lives about their country's good; philanthropists who rave about liberty and humanity at a certain yearly loss? Are there not studious men, who never once thought of bettering their circumstances? Are not the liberal professions held more respectable than business, though less lucrative? Might not most people do better than they do, but that they postpone their interest to their indolence, their taste for reading, their love of pleasure, or other pursuits? And is it not generally understood that all men can make a fortune, or succeed in the *main-chance*, who have but that one idea in their heads? * Lastly, are there not those who pursue or husband wealth for their own good, for the benefit of their friends, or the relief of the distressed? But as the

* I have said somewhere, that all professions that do not make money *breed* are careless and extravagant. This is not true of lawyers, &c. I ought to have said that this is the case with all those that by the regularity of their returns do not afford a prospect of realizing an independence by frugality and industry.

examples are rare, and might be supposed to make against myself, I shall not insist upon them. I think I have said enough to vindicate or apologize for my first position—

“Masterless passion sways us to the mood,
Of what it likes or loathes—

or if not to make good my ground, to march out with flying colors and beat of drum!

HYMN TO HESPERUS.

BRIGHT solitary beam, fair speck,
That, calling all the stars to duty,
Through stormless ether gleam'st to deck
The fulgent west's unclouded beauty;
All silent are the fields, and still
The umbrageous wood's recesses dreary,
As if calm came at thy sweet will,
And Nature of Day's strife were weary.

Blent with the season and the scene,
From out her treasured stares, Reflection
Looks to the days when Life was green,
With fond and thrilling retrospection;
The earth again seems haunted ground;
Youth smiles, by Hope and Joy attended;
And bloom afresh young flowers around,
With scent as rich, and hues as splendid.

This is a chilling world—we live
Only to see all round us wither;
Years beggar; age can only give
Bare rocks to frail feet wandering thither;
Friend after friend, joy after joy,
Have like night's boreal gleams departed;
Ah! how unlike the impassion'd boy,
Is Eld, white-hair'd, and broken-hearted!

How oft, 'mid eves as clear and calm,
These wild-wood pastures have I stray'd
in,
When all these scenes of bliss and balm
Blue Twilight's mantle were array'd in;
How oft I've stole from bustling man,
From Art's parade and city riot,
The sweet's of Nature's reign to scan,
And muse on Life in rural quiet!

Fair Star! with calm repose and peace
I hail thy vesper beam returning;
Thou seem'st to say that troubles cease
In the calm sphere, where thou art burn-
ing;
Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse;—
Sure angel wings around thee hover,
And from Life's fountain scatter dew
To freshen Earth, Day's fever over.

Star of the Mariner! thy car,
O'er the blue waters twinkling clearly,
Reminds him of his home afar,
And scenes he still loves, oh how dearly!
He sees his native fields, he sees
Grey twilight gathering o'er his moun-
tains,
And hears the murmuring of green trees,
The bleat of flocks, and gush of fountains.

How beautiful, when, through the shrouds,
The fierce presaging storm-winds rattle,
Thou glitterest clear amid the clouds,
O'er waves that lash, and gales that bat-
tle;
And as, athwart the billows driven,
He turns to thee in fond devotion,
Star of the Sea! thou tell'st that Heaven
O'erlooks alike both land and ocean.

Star of the Mourner! 'mid the gloom,
When droops the West o'er Day departed,
The widow bends above the tomb
Of him who left her broken-hearted;
Darkness within, and Night around,
The joys of life no more can move her,
When lo! thou lightest the profound,
To tell that Heaven's eye glows above
her.

Star of the Lover! Oh, how bright
Above the copsewood dark thou shinest,
As longs he for those eyes of light,
For him whose lustre burns divinest;
Earth, and the things of earth depart,
Transform'd to scenes and sounds Elysian;
Warm rapture gushes o'er his heart,
And Life seems like a fairy vision.

Yes, thine the hour, when, daylight done,
Fond Youth to Beauty's bower thou light-
est;
Soft shines the moon, bright shines the sun,
But thou, of all things, softest, brightest.
Still is thy beam as fair and young,
The torch illuming Evening's portal,
As when of thee lorn Sappho sung,
With burning soul, in lays immortal.

Star of the Poet! thy pale fire,
Awakening, kindling inspiration,
Burns in blue ether, to inspire
The loftiest themes of meditation;
He deems some holier, happier race,
Dwells in the orbit of thy beauty,—
Pure spirits, who have purchased grace,
By walking in the paths of duty.

Beneath thee Earth turns Paradise
To him, all radiant, rich, and tender;
And dreams, array'd by thee, arise
Mid twilight's dim and dusky splendour;
Blest or accurst each spot appears;
A frenzy fine his fancy seizes;
He sees unreal shapes, and hears
The wail of spirits on the breezes.

Bright leader of the hosts of Heaven!
When day from darkness God divided,
In silence through Empyrean driven,
Forth from the East thy chariot glided;
Star after star, o'er night and earth,
Shone out in brilliant revelation;
And all the angels sang for mirth,
To hail the finish'd, fair Creation.

Star of the bee! with laden thigh,
Thy twinkle warns its homeward wing-
ing;
Star of the bird! thou bid'st her lie
Down o'er her young, and hush her sing-
ing;
Star of the pilgrim, travel-sore,
How sweet, reflected in the fountains,
He hails thy circlet gleaming o'er
The shadow of his native mountains!

Thou art the Star of Freedom, thou
Undo'st the bonds which gail the sorest;
Thou bring'st the ploughman from his
plough;
Thou bring'st the woodman from his
forest;

Thou bring'st the wave-worn fisher home,
With all his scaly wealth around him;
And bid'st the hearth-sick schoolboy roam,
Freed from the letter'd tasks that bound
him.

Star of declining day, farewell!—
Ere lived the Patriarchs, thou wert yon-
der;
Ere Isaac, mid the piny dell,
Went forth at eventide to ponder:
And, when to Death's stern mandate bow
All whom we love, and all who love us,
Thou shalt arise, as thou dost now,
To shine, and shed thy tears above us.

Star that proclaims Eternity!
When o'er the lost Sun Twilight weep-
eth,
Thou light'st thy beacon-tower on high,
To say, "He is not dead, but sleepeth:"
And forth with Dawn thou comest too,
As all the hosts of night surrender,
To prove thy sign of promise true,
And usher in Day's orient splendour.

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Humbly inscribed to T. Pidcock, Esq. of Exeter Change.

A GIANT that once of a Dwarf made a friend,
(And their friendship the Dwarf took care shouldn't be hid),
Would now and then, out of his glooms, condescend
To laugh at his antics,—as every one did.

This Dwarf—an extremely diminutive dwarf,—
In birth unlike G—y, though his pride was as big,
Had been taken, when young, in the bogs of Clontarf,
And though born quite a Helot, had grown up a Whig.

He wrote little verses—and sung them withal,
And the Giant's dark visions they sometimes could charm,
Like the voice of the lute which had power over Saul,
And the song which could Hell and its legions disarm.

The Giant was grateful, and offered him gold,
But the Dwarf was indignant and spurned at the offer:
"No, never," he cried, "shall my friendship be sold
For the sordid contents of another man's coffer!

"What would Dwarfland, and Ireland, and every land say?
To what would so shocking a thing be ascribed?
My Lady would think that I was in your pay,
And the Quarterly swear that I must have been bribed.

"You see how I'm puzzled: I don't say it wouldn't
Be pleasant just now to have just that amount:
But to take it in gold or in bank-notes!—I couldn't,
I couldn't accept it—on any account.

"But couldn't you just write your Autobiography,
All fearless and personal, bitter and stinging?
Sure that, with a few famous heads in lithography,
Would bring me far more than my Songs or my sing'ng.

"You know what I did for poor Sheridan's Life;
Yours is sure of my very best superintendence;

I'll expunge what might point at your sister or wife,—
And I'll thus keep my priceless, unbought independence !"

The Giant smiled grimly : he could'nt quite see
What difference there was on the face of the earth,
Between the Dwarf's taking the money in fee,
And his taking the same thing in *that money's* worth.

But to please him he wrote ; and the business was done :
The Dwarf went immediately off to " the Row ;"
And ere the next night had passed over the sun,
The MEMOIRS were purchased by Longman and Co.

W. GYNGELL,
Showman, Bartholomew Fair.

RECENT EXCURSION TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

WE left Naples about eleven A. M., and having arrived at Resina, we mounted asses, and after a long ride during torrents of rain, reached the hermitage on the side of the hill at one o'clock. The road so far is very rugged, with many detached fragments of lava ; but the great bed of the latter is now resuming marks of slight verdure. The habitation of the monks itself is placed on a projection from the mountain, of tufa rock, formed in 1779 by the eruption, and lies so towards the crater, that, though the lava flows on both sides, the eminence itself is left untouched. When we arrived here the weather appeared to be clearing, and, as we had plenty of time to ascend and see the sun set from the top, we remained some time with the holy fathers, and the afternoon answered our expectations. When almost fair, we set off and pursued our way on asses towards the cone. Our road (if such it could be called) lay over an extensive bed of lava, partly formed in 1822. A more desolate scene can scarcely be conceived ; rugged, rising grounds, with craggy dells between, all formed of this hard, black, monotonous, and frightfully romantic lava ; the very Tartarus on earth, whether we imagine it burning with sheets of liquid fire, unquenchable by human means, and rolling down its dread resistless tide, or whether we see its wide convulsive remains, its indescribably horrid, desolate, uninhabitable aspect. It seems as if the elements of nature were ex-

posed to light, and one chaotic spot left amidst the richness of creation. Passing this dreary tract, we reached the bottom of the cone at half-past two, where we left our beasts and ascended on foot. It is composed of productions of the volcano itself, and the exterior is quite coated with loose cinders, which render the ascent very laborious, as you often sink back till you are above the angle in these loose materials. I ascended it in forty minutes. When we reached the brink of the crater, we found it full of smoke and fumes, while the strongest sulphureous smells prevailed. We rested and refreshed ourselves for some time in a hot crevice, where we left several eggs to roast, and then advanced round the south brink of the abyss, and had a tolerably easy walk for about half its circumference, during which we heard occasionally noises like thunder proceeding from rocks every now and then giving way from the sides in vast masses, whose fall is reverberated and renewed by the echoes of the vast cavern. At length the edge of the crater grew much lower, forming a gap in the side of the cone next to Pompeii, which we first descended, and then scrambled inwards towards the centre of the mountain, being a fall on the whole of 1,000 feet.

In this gulf nature presented herself under a new form, and all was unlike the common state of things. We were, in truth, in the bowels of the earth, where her internal riches

are displayed in the wildest manner. The steep we had descended was composed of minerals of the most singular, yet beautiful description. The heavy morning rains were rising in steam in all directions, and had already awakened each sulphureous crevice, while almost every chink in the ground was so hot, that it was impossible to keep the hand the least time upon it. But this sensation was in unison with the objects around; the great crater of the volcano opening its convulsed jaws before you, where the rude lava was piled in every varied form in alternate layers with pozzulana and cinders. Below us the newly-formed crater* was pouring forth its steamy clouds, and at every growl which labouring nature gave from below, these volumes burst forth with renewed fury. At our feet, and on every side, were deep beds of yellow sulphur, varying in color from the deepest red orange, occasioned by ferruginous mixture, to the palest straw-colour, where alum predominated; and beside these, white depositions of great extent and depth, which are lava decomposed by heat, and in a state of great softness. Contrasted with these productions of beauty, we find the sterner formations of black and purple porphyry, which occasionally assume the scarlet hue from the extreme action of heat; add to this the sombre grey lava, and that of a green colour glittering throughout with micaceous particles, with the deep brown volcanic ashes, and you will have a combination which, for grandeur and singularity must be almost

unparalleled. It is singular enough, that, among so many sulphureous fires, we should have suffered from pinching cold. At the lowest point to which we went, the thermometer stood at 43 10-2. We employed ourselves for a considerable time in collecting the finest specimens we could obtain of the above-mentioned minerals. We then retraced our steps in this descent, which proved considerably laborious; and after gaining the top, visited a crevice a little way down on the outside of the cone, opened within the last forty days, which, though about one finger broad, and not much longer, admits a current of air so tremendously heated, that, on laying a bunch of ferns quite wet with the morning's rain, upon it, they speedily were in a blaze. Resuming the edge on the summit, we returned the way we came to the top of the descending path, and on our way saw the sun set in a very splendid manner, illuminating the distant islands of Ischia and Procida, the point of Misenum, and the bay of Baïæ, with his last rays. Having eaten our eggs, we descended the cone; being rather dark I made no particular haste; but on a former occasion I went down the cone with great satisfaction in four minutes. Had there been fewer stones I could easily have gone quicker. We left the top about half-past five, and having taken our cold dinner at the hermitage, we descended to Resina by torch light, and reached Naples safely at half-past eight o'clock.

MY FOUR FRIENDS.

THERE is a dreamy, melancholy mood of thought into which the mind sometimes steals without any perceptible reason for it; a sort of voluntary trance, in which the spirit resigns its activity, but retains its

consciousness, and floats passively up and down the stream of time and humanity. There is a luxury in this state of mind, of which every one has tasted more or less. To the busy and active, it is the spirit's bed of

* A small crater burst out in the bottom of the large one on the morning of the 18th. This excursion was on the 21st of November.

down ; to the lonely, deep-thinking, and imaginative man, it is the passage to scenes of inconceivable loveliness,—shadowy, and indistinct, and dim, but dropping with the rich dews of a most perfect harmony. But the awakening from this dream is painful in proportion to the intensity of its impressions. We feel the walls of mortality closing round us with a sensation of suffering ; the realities and circumstances of life arrange themselves as barriers to our enchanted palace ; the past, with its mellowed sacred beauty, is lost under the glare of day ; and we hear a thousand voices telling us, that, while our hearts seemed to see their holiest remembrances become instinct with life and form, they were but in a vain and unprofitable dream.

The last night of the old year found me in the mood I have been describing, but there was pain and regret mixed up with the sensations it produced ; visions floated around me that had but just escaped from my grasp, and the unreal had been too lately a part of the present and the palpable to let me enjoy it in reverie. We can look steadily and calmly back on the far off waves of life ; but we shrink from watching them, when they are still bearing the wrecks of our lives and enjoyments. I felt that it would be wiser to escape from my lonely thoughts ; and, seeing the clear bright moonlight glittering through my window, I buttoned myself up, and sallied out for a ramble. I had not, however, gone far, when a dense fog arose, my path became hardly discernible, and the thick heavy dew dripped off my hat as in a steady shower of rain. There was no alternative, but either to stay out and get unimaginably wet, or return back to my solitary study, to neither of which I could reconcile myself ; the one threatening me, in plain sober language, with a most unsophisticated cough all the winter, and the other with something worse. I remembered, however, that there was more than one fireside at which I should be a welcome

guest, and I accordingly determined on paying a short visit to some of my most domesticated acquaintances.

The house I first made for was that of an excellent man, who had formerly been in business ; but, having had a property left him by a relative, had for some time been living in the enjoyment of independence. He had been twice married, and by his former wife had three daughters, who were grown up, and still living with him. His present wife, to whom he had been married little more than a twelvemonth, was only a year or two older than his eldest daughter, and had been introduced to the father as her particular friend. I soon found myself at the house of my old acquaintance, and in the warm, comfortable drawing-room, where I had often spent the winter evening before his present marriage. Since this event, I had seldom made so unceremonious a visit, and every little alteration, therefore, in the arrangements of the family party, became at once visible. When I formerly spent my evenings there, the place itself seemed fitted to fill every one who entered it with all comfortable feelings. There was that warmth and quietness which make an essential part in the idea of a happy home. There was no sound that could disturb the soft repose of the spirit as it retired into its sanctuary, and no object that could recall any thing but images of peace and content. My friend used to be seated in his arm-chair, undisturbedly reading the paper, or attending to one of his daughters, who would sometimes persuade him into hearing a novel read, while those who were unemployed thus would be busied in performing some little task which their filial affection had set them. There was now a considerable alteration in their fire-side arrangements. The two eldest daughters were seated at a work-table, drawn into one corner of the room, and, by their close and half-whispered conversation, showed there was some little division of family confi-

dence. The younger sat reading to herself by the fire; and my friend, half bending out of his arm-chair, with his placid features considerably excited by anxiety, was watching the feeding of a baby, who shrieked, to the utmost capacity of its lungs, every time the nurse took the spoon from its mouth. Opposite to him sat his wife, lolling easily in her chair, and evincing infinitely less perturbation, but every now and then casting a look at her husband, which seemed to me to express anything rather than reverence for his fatherly looks. Truly did my words stick in my throat as I wished the party a happy new year; but, fortunately for me, my friend having entered into an edifying discussion with his wife on teething and sore mouths, ended by determining instantly to go out, and purchase the last new work on the diseases of children, and advice to new married people.

Out, accordingly, we went. We had before rambled together in the evening, and long and pleasantly amused ourselves with its mixture of merriment and repose, or ruminated, in the philanthropy of our hearts, on the misery behind its curtain; but, alas! my companion was no longer the same man. Instead of the firm and somewhat strutting step with which he formerly walked, he hastened on with a quick, shuffling pace and stooping gait, that bespoke the confirmed old man. Heaven keep me, thought I, as I parted with him, from pouring the dregs of my wine-cup into another's full and sparkling bowl!

I next bethought me of an acquaintance whom I cordially esteemed, but whose habits of close retirement, and peculiar turn of mind, deprived him of those companionable qualities which I then felt most in need of. I was sure, however, of finding his fire-side the same as it was when I last visited it, and this was enough to determine my course. The house I was now approaching was a small, two-storied tenement, situated at the corner of an obscure

street, and only different from the rest in the neighbourhood by having a rapper on the door, and an appearance of superior cleanliness. I found my friend at home, as I never remember not doing, and seated with his wife before a fire, which, though occupying scarcely half the depth of the stove, shone bright and cheerfully over the clean swept hearth. This solitary couple, though still in their youth, had been married some years, and had already enough of trial and affliction to separate them from the world, and drive them like frightened birds to the shelter of their nest. They had married from a romantic and almost self-abandoning attachment, for they neither of them possessed the means of increasing the pittance which my friend inherited from his father; but their love was all-sufficient for their happiness. It had defied the worldliness of every other passion; and in their quiet little home they had learnt a philosophy of the heart, which, after all, is stronger in its meek, yielding tenderness, than the purest stoicism that ever existed. I felt my spirits grow sober as I drew my chair nearer to the fire, and as I listened to their conversation, as cheerful as their solitude and subdued hopes could let it be.

The next friend I visited was one of long, long standing,—the friend of my boyish days, of the years whose history is written on the holiest page of memory; she was the dearest one I had, for she had been the companion of my far absent mother, the long constant companion of her whose name always brings back to my ear all the sweet music I had ever heard. She was a widow, and her fireside had the deep quietness, the peaceful, but too solitary air of one that had lost its accustomed circle of happy faces. The old lady was closely engaged in reading; a large favourite cat sat at her feet; and the whole apartment was full of winter comfort. But she was alone, and she felt her loneliness; for, with the vain effort of a hurt mind to

amuse itself with shadows, I saw she had placed the chair, in which her husband used to sit, with scrupulous exactness in its accustomed position; a handkerchief was thrown over one of the arms, and a favourite volume lay open on the cushion. We began to talk, and soon were we far back in the vale of years. Time had read a moral to us both, but she only had learnt it. I sighed as I wished her good night. There is a loneliness in the house of a widow, and a melancholy in her resignation, which I have never witnessed without a feeling too deep to mix well with the lighter fancies of my mind. I tried, but I could not say, "a happy new year."

It was now growing late: I had, however, but one more friend to visit, and his house was on my way home. I was soon there, and, as I entered, I was greeted with a dozen voices, all sweet and silvery as the tones of a flute, and only breaking their bird-like harmony by the hearty, unrestrained laugh that burst from their free bosoms. It was a happy scene; the large, old-fashioned parlour, with a fire blazing away as if it knew it was a Christmas fire; the crowd of happy boys and girls making a festival by their very presence, and the delighted-looking pa-

rents, bearing in their countenances traces of care—anxious, heart-heaving care, which seemed only to have forgotten itself for a season; all these together made up a scene full of gladness, yet with a sufficient shade of melancholy to prepare my heart well for its return to solitude.

Sombre, though not painful, were the sensations that passed through my breast; but they were not peculiar to myself. They are common to our race, and are the ground-colouring, more or less deep, of every heart. Time, if he have an audible voice at no other season, is heard all over the world when he gathers another year into the mighty dormitory of eternity. The very means which the vulgar make use of at this period to dissipate thought, are those which people employ to amuse themselves in a haunted house; and you may be in the most boisterous party without seeing one who does not make an involuntary pause when the closing minute arrives. There is at that instant a hesitating, stifling feeling within us, as if Time laid his fingers upon our heart, and held it in their grasp, till he set it free again to burn and palpitate with the hopes and agonies of a recommenced existence.

CHARMS OF RETROSPECTION.

HOW beautiful are all the subdivisions of Time diversifying the dream of human life, as it glides away between earth and heaven! And why should moralists mourn over that mutability that gives the chief charm to all that passes so transitorily before our eyes, leaving image upon image fairer and dearer far than even the realities, still visible and it may be for ever, in the waters of memory sleeping within the heart? Memory never awakes but along with imagination, and therefore it is

"That she can give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore!"

The years, the months, the weeks, the days, the nights, the hours, the minutes, the moments, each is in itself a different living, and peopled, and haunted world. One life is a thousand lives, and each individual, as he fully renews the past, reappears in a thousand characters, yet all of them bearing a mysterious identity not to be misunderstood, and all of them, while every passion has been shifting and dying away, and reascending into power, still under the dominion of the same unchanging conscience, that feels and knows that it is from God.

Oh! who can complain of the

shortness of human life, that can re-travel all the windings and wanderings, and mazes that his feet have trodden since the farthest back hour at which memory pauses, baffled and blindfolded, as she vainly tries to penetrate and illumine the palpable, the impervious darkness that shrouds the few first for-ever-forgotten years of our wonderful being? Long, long, long ago seems it to be indeed, when we now remember it, the Time we first pulled the primroses on the sunny braes, wondering, in our first blissful emotions of beauty, at the leaves with a softness all their own, a yellowness no where else so vivid, "the bright consummate flower," so starlike to our awakened imagination among the lowly grass—lovely, indeed, to our admiring eyes, as any one of all the stars that, in their turn, did seem themselves like flowers in the blue fields of heaven!—long, long, long ago, the time when we danced along, hand in hand with our golden-haired sister, whom all that looked on loved!—long, long, long ago, the day on which she died—the hour, so far more dismal than any hour that can now darken us on this earth, when she—her coffin—and that velvet pall descended—and descended—slowly, slowly into the horrid clay, and we were borne death-like, and wishing to die, out of the churchyard, that, from that moment, we thought we could enter never more! And oh! What a multitudinous being must ours have been, when, before our boyhood was gone, we could have forgotten her buried face! Or at the dream of it dashed off a tear, and away, with a bounding heart, in the midst of a cloud of playmates, breaking into fragments on the hill-side, and hurrying round the shores of those wild moorland lochs, in vain hope to surprise the heron, that slowly uplifted his blue bulk, and floated away, regardless of our shouts, to the old castle woods! It is all like a reminiscence of some other state of existence! Then, after all the joys and sorrows of those few years, which we now call transitory,

but which our Boyhood felt as if they would be endless—as if they would endure for ever—arose upon us the glorious dawning of another new life—Youth! With its insupportable sunshine, and its magnificent storms! Transitory, too, we now know, and well deserving the name of dream! But while it lasted, long, various, and agonizing, while, unable to sustain "the beauty still more beauteous" of the eyes that first revealed to us the light of love, we hurried away from the parting hour, and, looking up to the moon and stars, hugged the very heavens to our heart. Yet life had not yet nearly reached its meridian, journeying up the sunbright firmament. How long hung it there exulting, when "it flamed on the forehead of the noontide sky!" Let not the Time be computed by the lights and shadows of the years, but by the innumerable array of visionary thoughts, that keep deploying, as if from one eternity into another—now in dark sullen masses, now in long array, brightened as if with spear-points and standards, and moving along through chasm, abyss, and forest, and over the summits of the highest mountains, to the sound of ethereal music, now warlike and tempestuous—now, as "from flutes and soft recorders," accompanying, not pæans of victory, but hymns of peace. That Life, too, seems, now that it is gone, to have been of a thousand years. Is it gone? Its skirts are yet hovering on the horizon—and is there yet another Life destined for us? That Life which we fear to face,—Age, Old Age! Four dreams within a dream, and then we may awake in Heaven!

At dead of night—and it is now the dead of night—how the heart of ten quakes on a sudden at the silent resurrection of buried thoughts!

"Thoughts that like phantoms trackless come and go!"

Perhaps the sunshine of some one single Sabbath of more exceeding holiness comes first glimmering, and then brightening upon us, with the

very same religious sanctity that filled all the air at the tolling of the kirk-bell, when all the parish was hushed, and the voice of streams heard more distinctly among the banks and braes,—and then, all at once, a thunder-storm that many years before, or many years after, drove us, when walking alone over the mountains, into a shieling, will seem to succeed, and we behold the same threatening aspect of the heavens that then quailed our beating hearts, and frowned down our eyelids before the lightning began to flash, and the black rain to deluge all

the glens. No need now for any effort of thought. The images rise of themselves—independently of our volition—as if another being, studying the working of our minds, conjured up the phantasmagoria before us, who are beholding it with love, with wonder, or with fear. Darkness and silence have a power of sorcery over the past; and the soul has then, too, often restored to it feelings and thoughts that it had lost—and is made to know that nothing which it once experiences ever perishes, but that all things spiritual possess a principle of immortal life.

SACRIFICE OF AN INDIAN WIDOW.

FROM BISHOP HEBER'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.

DURING the time that I was at Poona, from November, 1809, to March, 1811, there were four instances of women who burned themselves on the death of their husbands. The first two I witnessed. I desired to ascertain the real circumstances with which those ceremonies were attended, and, in particular, to satisfy myself whether the women, who were the victims of them, were free and conscious agents. The spot appropriated to this purpose was on the margin of the river, immediately opposite the house in which I lived.

On the first occasion, the pile was in preparation when I arrived. It was constructed of rough billets of wood, and was about four feet high, and seven feet square. At each corner there was a slender pole, supporting a light frame, covered with small fuel, straw, and dry grass. The interval between the pile and the frame, which formed a sort of rude canopy, was about four feet. Three of the sides were closed up with matted straw, the fourth being left open as an entrance. The top of the pile, which formed the bottom of this interval, was spread with straw, and the inside had very much the appearance of the interior of a

small hut. The procession with the widow arrived soon after. There were altogether about a hundred persons with her, consisting of the Brahmans who were to officiate at the ceremony, and the retinue furnished by the government. She was on horseback. She had garlands of flowers over her head and shoulders, and her face was besmeared with sandal wood. In one hand she held a looking-glass, and in the other a lime stuck upon a dagger. Her dress, which was red, was of the common description worn by Hindoo women, called a sarce. Where the wife is with the husband when he dies she burns herself with the corpse; and in those cases where the husband dies at a distance, she must have with her on the pile, either some relic of his body or some part of the dress he had on at the time of his death. In this instance, the husband had been a soldier, and had been killed at some distance from Poona. His widow had with her one of his shoes. She had quite a girlish appearance, and could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen years old. Her countenance was of a common cast, without any thing peculiar in its character or expression. It was grave and com-

posed ; and neither in her carriage, manner, nor gestures did she betray the slightest degree of agitation or disturbance. She dismounted, and sat down at the edge of the river, and, with the assistance of the Bramins, went through some religious ceremonies. She distributed flowers and sweetmeats ; and although she spoke little, what she did say was in an easy and natural tone, and free from any apparent emotion. She did not seem to pay any attention to the preparation of the pile ; but when she was told that it was ready, rose, and walked towards it. She there performed some other ceremonies, standing on a stone, on which the outline of two feet had been traced with a chisel. In front of her was a larger stone, which had been placed as a temporary altar, and on which a small fire had been lit. These ceremonies lasted about five minutes, and when they were over, she, of her own accord, approached the pile, and mounted it without assistance. From the beginning to the end of this trying period, she was, to all outward appearance, entirely unmoved. Not the slightest emotion of any kind was perceptible. Her demeanor was calm and placid ; equally free from hurry or reluctance. There was no effort, no impatience, no shrinking. To look at her, one would have supposed that she was engaged in some indifferent occupation ; and although I was within a few yards of her, I could not at any moment detect, either in her voice, or manner, or in the expression of her countenance, the smallest appearance of constraint, or the least departure from the most entire self possession. Certainly, she was not under the influence of any intoxicating drug, nor any sort of stupefaction ; and from first to last, I did not see any person persuading, exciting, or encouraging her.

She herself took the lead throughout, and did all that was to be done of her own accord. When she was seated on the pile, she adjusted her dress with the same composure that she had all along maintained, and taking from the hand of one of the attendants a taper, which had been lit at the temporary altar, she herself set fire to some pieces of linen, which had been suspended for the purpose from the frame above, and then, covering her head with the folds of her dress, she lay quietly and deliberately down. No fire was applied to the lower part of the pile ; but the flames soon spread through the combustible materials on the frame. The attendants threw some oil on the ignited mass ; and the strings by which the frame was attached to the posts being cut, it descended on the pile. The weight of it was insufficient either to injure or confine the victim ; but it served to conceal her entirely from view, and it brought the flames into immediate contact with the body of the pile. At the same moment a variety of musical instruments were sounded, producing with the shouts of the attendants a noise, through which no cries, even if any had issued from the pile, could have been distinguished. The flames spread rapidly, and burned fiercely ; and it was not long before the whole mass was reduced to a heap of glowing embers. No weight nor ligature, nor constraint of any kind was used to retain the woman on the pile ; nor was there any obstacle to prevent her springing from it, when she felt the approach of the flames. The smoke was evidently insufficient to produce either suffocation or stupefaction ; and I am satisfied that the victim was destroyed by the fire, and by the fire only.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1828.

OPERA DRESS.

A DRESS of white satin, trimmed with two rows of ornaments representing rosaces formed of satin *rouleaux*; each row divided by a *rouleau* across the skirt, and another *rouleau* concealing the hem next the shoe. The sleeves long, and, fitting almost close to the smaller part of the arm, are confined at the wrists with very broad gold bracelets, fastened by a cameo-head, set round with rubies. The hair arranged *a la Madonna*, with a *bandeau* of pearls crossed obliquely over the left side of the tresses, in front: on the right, is a full cluster of curls, forming a bow, and so elevated, as to appear like an ornament on the turban, which is of celestial blue and silver-lama gauze. Over the dress is worn a cloak of Parma-violet-coloured velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, forming a very broad border round the bottom of the cloak and down each side of the front. A Russian mantelet-cape of plain velvet, falls as low as the elbow, and over that is a pelerine-cape, entirely of chinchilla. This superb mantle ties in front of the throat from two antique medallion ornaments, with rich silk *cordon*, terminating by large tassels, which depend as low as the knee. The ear-rings are not pendant, but are composed of clusters of rubies.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white taffety, with two full puckerings round the border, in distinct rows; these are of *tulle*, and over them are laid in bias, *rouleaux* of satin, of the colour of the young holly-leaf, or of a bright cerulean-blue, according to fancy: these ornaments are headed by a *rouleau* of the same colour, and by a row of *clochettes*, reversed, which are formed also of narrow *rouleaux*. The body is finished in front with *fichu*-robings, which are edged with a double range of narrow *rouleaux*, of the same colour as those on the skirt; and the sto-

macher part is gathered full across, with the fullness confined up the centre of the bust by a narrow double *rouleau*. The sleeves are short, plain, and very full, and are confined round the arm by a narrow band of green or blue satin, and the waist is encircled by a ribbon of the same tint. The hair is arranged in curls round the face, over which is a *beret* of blue or green: bows of one of these colours, in chequers, on a white ground, ornament this head-dress under the brim, next the hair, where is also placed, on the right side, near the centre of the forehead, a bird-of-Paradise plume; another is placed over the *beret*, on the summit of the head, and waves gracefully over the left side. The ear-pendants are short, round, and of fine gold.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of pink satin, trimmed with a broad puckering of *tulle*, or gauze, round the border of the skirt; on which are laid pink satin leaves, edged round with a narrow black *rouleau*. Body made plain, and low; round the tucker part of the dress is a row of Spanish points, edged with a quilling of white *blond*, or *tulle*. Head-dress formed of long puffs of gauze of saffron-colour, and white gossamer *aigrettes*. Ear-rings and necklace of pearls, the latter elegantly set in delicate festoons; and in front of the hair is a superb jewelry ornament, in the diadem style, consisting of large pearls, surrounded by *fillagree*, and finely-wrought gold.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of painted Indian taffety, with a full broad fluting of white *tulle* at the border, crossed over in treillage work, by *rouleaux* of white satin, edged on one side with blue and yellow satin, narrower *rouleaux*; one, very broad, and wadded, conceals the hem next the shoe. The body is *a la Circassienne*; and where the drapery across the bust is partially left open, before it wraps over, is a

chemisette tucker of Japanese gauze, edged with narrow *blond*. The sleeves are short, and very full; rather confined in the middle by a row of diamonds, the same as those formed by the treillage work on the fluted border. The hair is arranged in full curls on each side the face, with a bow on the summit formed of three puffs of hair, which are very highly elevated. At the base of this

bow, is a coronet ornament of white and gold enamel. The ear-pendants are a *Pantique, en girandoles*; and are composed of three drops in rubies: the necklace is formed of three rows of pearls and rubies intermingled, with three valuable drop-rubies in the centre. Bracelets of dark hair, and cameos, worn over the gloves.

VARIETIES.

INTOXICATION.

THE laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum,—and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelvemonth's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, at an auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the drunken person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies while drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous

liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained until sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of these fines goes to the informers (who are generally police officers), the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.

NOLLEKENS.

Mr. Nollekens left £240,000 behind him, and the name of one of the best English sculptors. There was a great scramble among the legatees—a codocil to a will with large bequests unsigned, and that last triumph of the dead or dying over those who survive—hopes raised and defeated without a possibility of retaliation, or the smallest use in complaint. The king was at first said to be left residuary legatee. This would have been a fine instance of romantic and gratuitous homage to majesty, in a man who all his life-time could never be made to comprehend the abstract idea of the distinction of ranks, or even of persons. He would go up

to the Duke of York or Prince of Wales (in spite of warning,) take them familiarly by the button like common acquaintance, ask *how their father did*, and express pleasure at hearing he was well, saying, "when he was gone we should never get such another." He once, when the old king was sitting to him for his bust, fairly stuck a pair of compasses into his nose, to measure the distance from the upper lip to the forehead, as if he had been measuring a block of marble. His late majesty laughed heartily at this, and was amused to find that there was a person in the world ignorant of that vast interval which separated him from every other man. Nollekens, with all his loyalty, hardly liked the man, and cared nothing about the king (which was one of those mixed modes, as Mr. Locke calls them, of which he had no more idea than if he had been one of the cream-coloured horses)—handled him like so much common clay, and had no other notion of the matter, but that it was his business to make the best bust of him he possibly could, and to set about it in the regular way. There was something in this plainness and simplicity that savoured perhaps of the hardness and dryness of his art, and of his own peculiar severity of manners. Nollekens' style was comparatively hard and dry. He had as much truth and character, but none of the polished graces or transparent softness of Chantrey. He had more of the rough, plain, downright honesty of his heart. It seemed to be his character. Mr. Northcote was once complimenting him on his acknowledged superiority—"Ay, *you* made the best busts of anybody!" "I don't know about that," said the other, his eyes (though their orbs were quenched) smiling with a gleam of smothered delight, "I only know I always tried to make them as like as I could."

IRISH WIT.

As Sir Walter Scott was riding (a few weeks ago) with a friend in the

neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he came to a field-gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, hastened to open for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding this civility by the present of sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here, my good fellow," said the baronet, "here is a shilling for you; but mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honour!" exclaimed Pat; "may your honour live till I pay you!"

When the French landed at Bantry Bay, an Irish peasant, who was posted, with a musket, upon one of the cliffs, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer with "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they tell me I'm here for a *century*."

CUSTOMS OF ALAGNA.

Near Monte Rosa, in the district of Varallo in Lombardy, there is a small town called Alagna, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants. For four centuries there has not been one criminal prosecution or action at law; nay, not even a formal contract drawn up by a professional man. It is very rarely that an individual commits any grave offence, or is guilty of serious misconduct; but when such cases occur, the culpable person is compelled to fly from the place. On one occasion, the clergyman of the place was obliged to abscond for ill-behaviour, and his absence depriving them of their pastor, one of the elders of the town performed the duty of the priest, and read the church-service at the proper time. Paternal authority is here absolute, as in China or old Rome, and continues during life; fathers disposing of the whole of their property as they please, without written wills, the verbal declaration of the dying being invariably considered sufficient. Not long ago an inhabitant of Alagna died, leaving his property, worth about £4000, which is there a considerable sum, to individuals who

were not his legal heirs. The person to whom, according to law, his wealth should have descended, shortly afterwards fell into company with a lawyer of the neighbouring city, who informed him that as the laws did not recognize the customs of Alagna, he might instantly recover the property of which he had been so unjustly deprived. At first the lawyer's offers of service were rejected; but at length the disinherited man demanded time for reflection. For three days he was observed to be plunged in meditation, and much disturbed; an important matter, as he remarked to his friends, pressing upon his mind. At the end of that time he went to the officious lawyer, and said "What you advise me to do has never been done before in our village, and unquestionably I shall not set the example of innovation."

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

This unfortunate undertaking has again been overflowed by the bursting in of the river; an accident which, following all that was said about "perfect security" after the former misfortune, ought not to have happened. But we fear this ingenious and really interesting scheme has been ill-managed, in spite of the talents of Mr. Brunel, and the perseverance and skill of his co-operators. The fact is, it has been far too much a thing of newspaper discussion. Instead of having every nerve and all attention directed to the work, there has been a distracting diversion of mind as to ways and means, and the courting of public opinion to favour the speculation. It is now, in consequence, a very bad job.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

Napoleon being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him—"That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture

last?" Denon answered, that "with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years." "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "this you call immortality!"

TAME CROCODILE.

At Chantilly there is a crocodile so tame and well-disposed, that he is caressed with impunity by the keeper, who endeavours (although, as may easily be supposed, not often with success,) to induce visitors to follow his example.

MONTESQUIEU.

This extraordinary man, whose death was deplored by Lord Chesterfield as that of a great statesman, was considered in France merely as an eloquent dreamer. His high qualities are much better appreciated by his countrymen in the present day. So disgusted was Montesquieu with the place which he held in society during his life, that having understood from a person to whom he had confided the education of his son, that the boy evinced great aptitude of conception, and inclination to write, he exclaimed, in alarm, "What! he will be like myself, only an original, a man of letters, a worthless fellow!"

TASTE.

Donnelly, the Irish pugilist (remembered as Sir Daniel), when asked by a novice in his science what was the best way to learn to fight? replied, "Och, sir, there's no use in life in a man's learning to fight, unless *natur* gave him a bit of a taste for it."

THE SPADE OF SFORZA.

The founder of the Sforza family, and father of Francesco, the first Duke of Milan, who died, according to Mr. Roscoe, about 1465, was a peasant, and following his labour, when he was invited by his companions to follow the army. He did not

draw lots whether he should go or not, but threw his spade into an oak, declaring, that if it fell to the ground he would continue his labours; but if it hung in the tree he would try his fortune as a soldier. Some bit of a branch intercepted its fall, and gave a father to a long line of princes, the most splendid sovereigns of Italy.

LEX TALIONIS.

An Armenian jeweller, who had sold a quantity of counterfeit diamonds to the favourite wife of the Shah of Persia, was pursued by the officers of the palace, and overtaken, when the lady demanded an exemplary satisfaction. The Shah, after many endeavours, finding it impossible to propitiate the complainant, consented that the malefactor should be exposed, according to the custom of the country, in the arena for the combats of wild beasts. But, when all the court was collected to witness the spectacle of the execution, to the surprise of the poor wretch, who expected to be instantly devoured, instead of a lion, a lamb was let out from one of the dens, which forthwith walked up, and began to fawn upon him. The sultaness, indignant at this affront, flew to her husband to explain what had happened, and insisted that the master of the beasts, who had ordered this, deserved no better than to be eaten along with the false jeweller, for company. "Be merciful, fair Yasili," said the good-tempered prince; "the Armenian has been punished by the law of retaliation. He deceived you, and he has now himself been deceived; let him be quit, for this time, *pour le peur*."

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

In the parish of St. Austle, Cornwall, there is a singular phenomenon; it is the appearance of a light near the turnpike road at Hill Head, about three quarters of a mile west of the town. In the summer season it is rarely seen; but in the winter, particularly in the months of November and December, scarcely a dark night passes in which it is not visible. It

appears of a yellow hue, and seems to resemble a small embodied flame. It is generally stationary; and when it moves, it wanders but very little from its primitive spot, sometimes mounting upward, and then descending to the earth. As it has frequented this spot from time immemorial, it is now rendered so familiar that it almost ceases to excite attention. It is somewhat remarkable, that although many attempts have been made to discover it in the place of its appearance, every effort has hitherto failed of success. On approaching the spot, it becomes invisible to the pursuers, even while it remains luminous to those who watched it at a distance. To trace its exact abode, a level has been taken during its appearance, by which the curious have been guided in their researches the ensuing day; but nothing has hitherto been discovered.

SIZE AND VALUE OF MAHOGANY.

Few people are acquainted with the immense size and value of some logs of mahogany brought to England. The following may serve as an example. "The largest and finest log of mahogany ever imported into this country has been recently sold by auction at the docks in Liverpool. It was purchased by James Hodgson, Esq. for three hundred and seventy-eight pounds, and afterwards sold by him for five hundred and twenty-five pounds, and if it open well, it is supposed to be worth one thousand pounds. If sawn into veneers it is computed that the cost of labour in the process will be seven hundred and fifty pounds. The weight at the King's beam is six tons thirteen hundred weight."

LANGUAGE.

The Abbé De Lisle says, that the Arabs have one hundred and fifty words for a lion, and three hundred for a serpent!

IN THE PRESS,

The Omnipotence of the Deity; a Poem by Mr. R. Montgomery.